

MAHER AND CHOYNSKI BATTLE.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

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Price 10 Cents.



"I'VE TAKEN POISON, MAUDIE!"

JOSIE COYLE, A WELL-KNOWN YOUNG WOMAN, OF CRIPPLE CREEK, COL., ENDS HER LIFE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1896.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

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Address _____

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READ the coupon above and vote for the man who can mix a drink.

THE newsdealers are hustling and a lot of them have their eyes fixed upon the Richard K. Fox prize. For the benefit of those who have been asleep it is reprinted:

In order to encourage the men who handle the POLICE GAZETTE, Mr. Richard K. Fox has decided to present to the newsdealer who can furnish News Company receipts for the greatest number of copies of the POLICE GAZETTE sold for the three months commencing September 15, 1896, either a \$100 gold medal, a \$100 gold watch, a \$100 diamond locket or a \$100 bicycle, either lady's or gentleman's wheel. The receipts must be for current issues of the GAZETTE and must bear date between September 15 and December 15.

The winner can have his choice of any of the above prizes, which are certainly worth while making an effort for.

YOU may not be a very popular bartender, but there is no reason why you shouldn't be. Any man who mixes a good drink ought to be popular enough. If you don't mix good drinks, of course that settles it, and you might just as well try for a slice of the moon as to attempt to win either that gold watch or diamond locket which we offer to the bartender who gets the most coupons to his credit by January 1, 1897. Perhaps you have so many gold watches and diamond lockets now that you have to hire an extra room to keep them in.

In that event you would be very foolish to try to win the valuable trophy offered by the POLICE GAZETTE. Every bartender ought to have a few friends who are willing to clip a coupon or two for him, but they need waking up.

You don't find a diamond locket or gold watch every day, do you?

Here's one you can find if you want to.

MASKS AND FACES.

A Little Side Gossip About Miss Katherine Clemmons.

KISSED BY MILLIONS.

Hammerstein's Moulin Rouge Has Now Become a Howling Success.

PAPINTA A DRAWING CARD.

Katherine Clemmons ought to be all right in these golden days, and she ought to have credit at every big store in town, for she has been publicly kissed by a Gould. Think of it! She returned to America the other day on the crack steamship St. Paul and was met on the pier by one of the Goulds. We are informed by eyewitnesses that the Gould took her tenderly in his arms and kissed her. Some folks who take an interest in such things argued from this that they had either been married or were about to be. At any rate, the couple jumped into a cab and were whisked away to some place "out of town."

It is interesting to know that the family of this particular Gould object to his having anything to do with Actress Katherine Clemmons.

Mr. Hammerstein's very daring idea of bringing the midnight scenes of Paris to New York has proven that he knows very well what he is about. The Olympia Winter Garden was a howling success from the first night, and it has come to be the real thing. Hammerstein hasn't done the job in a half-way manner by any means, but he put the best dancers in the wor on the floor of his garden to keep things moving. The leading spirit is Papinta, who is best of them all, and it looks as though she were going to be kept at Olympia.



BEN—I Hear that Teddie Du Coe Has a New Flat.
MABEL—Is that So? What is His Name?

plis all winter. She can certainly draw from now until well after the holidays.

I wonder if Buffalo Bill remembers his little experience with Miss Clemmons.

Cad Wilson, who calls herself such a nice girl, and who is a Western serio-comic, has come to New York to show us how song and dance really ought to be done. She is said to be very naughty—but very nice, with enough of vitality and vaudeville villainy to even shock Gullbert and the Held. Her present agent explains that even he fails to find words in which to describe her doings, or paint—with startling synonyms or pretty epithets—her spirited stage powers. She appears at the Trocadero on West Twenty-third street.

A New York magistrate found Grace Heyer too pretty to keep her a prisoner. She was arrested by a landlady who said she owed a \$27 board bill. But that's nothing nowadays, and the magistrate told Grace to go home and be good.

Professor Herrmann has added to his train two Hindoo fakirs to assist him in his entertainment. They can do a little of the queer business themselves, so the professor had better put buttons on his pockets.

A story is going the rounds regarding a vaudeville actress whose bridal orange blossoms have not yet faded. She had a serious tiff with her auburn-haired hubby a few days ago, and determined upon revenge. Suicide by poison was her first thought, but there was the possibility of failure and the subsequent unromantic pumping out by hospital doctors. Shooting was out of the question, owing to her un-

MIDST FOLLY'S REIGN.
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timidity with firearms, so she determined upon a new course. Getting several companions together, they adjourned to a Tenderloin cafe, where the actress proceeded to drink all the champagne in sight. She was taken home unconscious, and for the next twenty-four hours was the saddest, sickest woman that ever lived. Hubby, who thought she had taken poison, was nearly beside himself and the reconciliation was complete.

Now she has taken the pledge.

Olga Brandon, the dudes' delight, is coming to America again. Incidentally, she will bring her famous midnight eyes with her.

Lottie Gilson, the "Little Magnet," says the story that she is going to marry Morris Cronin, the club swinger, is a fake. He is still her friend, but a preacher is not wanted.

Grace Henderson is free now so far as her erstwhile husband is concerned, and she can do whatever she likes in the future. As she is a very beautiful woman she will undoubtedly have plenty of admirers, as usual.

Reports come from San Francisco that Elvia Crox Seabrooke is winning golden opinions for her singing in "Satanella" there much easier than she collected certain sums due her in the way of alimony here several months ago, while Thomas Q. took his meals in New Jersey and rehearsed "The Thoroughbred" by long distance telephone.

Since Olga Nethersole returned from England speculation has been rife regarding her. Nestling amidst the rings on the third finger of her left hand, and almost hidden from sight, is a plain gold band, which is usually supposed to indicate that the wearer is

ville does not propose that William Muldoon shall have a monopoly of this sort of thing. She is a living exemplification of what her treatment is good for. Only a few short years ago she was the fat, trisky and frolicsome "merry mountain maid" in "Adonis," while now she is the saucy, simpering and slim *Baby Malone* in "Brian Boru." Miss Summerville has kept her secret of weight reducing as closely guarded as a Turkish harem, and now proposes to profit by her discovery.

Miss Claudia Carlstadt, who wears lurid red tights in "The Mandarin," now playing at the Herald Square Theatre, is looking for a legal fight. She says it is bad enough to be compelled to wear the same kind of tights through all three acts, especially when she is the only girl in the company who is dressed in tights, without having her photograph reproduced by a cigarette company. She thinks it's perfectly awful.

Annie Robinson and Nellie Reed decided to ride from the shopping district in New York the other day in a cab. They bargained with a Jehu, who agreed to carry them for a dollar. Arriving at their destination, Miss Robinson handed caddy a \$2 bill, which he immediately put in his pocket; then, gathering up the reins, struck his horse with the whip and started off.

"Give me my dollar," shouted Miss Robinson, starting after him.

"Git it if you can," yelled the cabman, plying the lash vigorously.

"What's your number?" screamed the swindled actress, not stopping to think of the idiosyncrasy of her request.

The cabman answered something that sounded like a paraphrase on Chimmie Fadden's famous expression, and disappeared around the corner, while the actress, breathless and tired enough to cry, gave up the chase.

Minnie French, the Innocent Kid of "A Parlor Match," has had a falling out with her goat. The

first entrance in the play is made in a little cart drawn by the aforementioned goat. Sometimes his goatship enters peaceably and sometimes he does not. He usually has to be coaxed across the stage with sugar loafs, held enticingly in the hands of the stage manager. Recently this goat has made tracks for the footlights and, on one occasion, would have dragged his burden over the footlights had not the orchestra leader waved his baton. It was to teach his goatship to walk across the stage and not over the footlights that Miss French had a special rehearsal all by herself and the little beast of burden was just as obstinate as ever. He refused to do as he was bid, and Miss French made him slightly acquainted with a whip. Then there was one of those "wild, mad rushes." Somebody yelled "Look out," and a series of loud, sharp explosions followed. Minnie French, the goat and the cart were tangled up in the footlight pit. A couple of dozen electric lamps were destroyed. They made the noise. The footlights will have no further affinity for Mr. Goat; he had enough of them when the lamps exploded.

There is a chorus girl in "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with social aspirations. A few nights ago she was not on hand when the curtain went up on the first act and did not put in an appearance until the third act was called. The stage manager sent for the tardy performer to call her to task.

"What do you mean, Miss Blank, by showing up here at this time of night?" he demanded.

"Now, don't get cross, please," gushingly replied the bud, "you see I had a house full of company and I just couldn't leave 'em; so there!"

The novelty of the excuse so impressed the stage manager that he dismissed her to work without even a fine.

It seems as if all the "ladies of the stoyge" are rushing at the big money and steady work bait the vaudeville houses are offering. The latest convert is Sibyl Johnstone, who once upon a time made a hit as the untrapped statue in the "Clemenceau Case." She has signed a contract to appear at Proctor's in full draperies. In fact Manager Price says the gown in which she will appear cost \$1,000 net, is cut high in the neck and touches the floor.

Who was touched for it?

Two of the Barrison Sisters, with escorts, attended the opening of Hammerstein's Bal' Champetre. They met the proprietor of the place, who invited them to sit in his private box.

"No, thank you," said Lona. "We will walk around and take in the people."

"That's what they have been doing ever since they appeared in this city," whispered a callow youth to his friend.

Some of us were beginning to wonder if Cissy and her wink were not becoming a trifle stale and unprofitable. Now we know better. They have been imported by the Tremont Theatre, Boston, where a season of vaudeville was inaugurated last week. Think of the classic Tremont, home of the tragic Muse as represented by Irving and Terry, and the truly great ones, turned into a vaudeville haunt for the sake of "Cissy!"

FOOTLIGHT QUEENS.

Cissy Fitzgerald, 2 styles; Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Lillian Russell, Angelina Allen, Claudie Revere, Flo Henderson, Anna Maniell, Alma Egert, Virginia Earl—all tights; Lee Campbell, Yolande Wallace, Isabelle Coe, in costume; and hundreds of other hand one photos. Price 10 cents each or three for 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building Franklin Square, New York, 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

EXTRA!

MAHER TURNS THE TABLES ON CHOYNSKI.

Laid Him Low in the Sixth Round of a Stiff Battle at the Broadway Athletic Club.

IT WAS A HOT GAME FROM THE START TO FINISH.

It Looked at One Time as if the Irish Champion Would be Defeated by the Plucky Californian.

AGGRESSIVE WORK ON BOTH SIDES FROM THE START TO FINISH.

It took Peter Maher, the bonny lad from the Emerald Isle, a little less than six rounds last Monday night at the Broadway Athletic Club to demonstrate, to the apparent satisfaction of an overflowing house, that that he was a stiffer puncher than Joe Choynski, the Pacific Coast heavyweight, and when Sam Austin, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was the referee, declared the Irishman the winner Choynski needed all the assistance his seconds could give him, for he was, to all intents and purposes, out of the world, at least mentally, for the time being.

And then pandemonium broke loose.

The police seemed to have lost their heads as completely as the beaten man, for half a dozen of them, in their excitement, climbed laboriously up and into the ring, like a pack of huge leviathans who had concluded to leave their native element for dry land. They squeezed their bulky bodies through the taut ropes, and put a legal phrase to the excitement which might, and ought to have been, avoided.

There was no chance for the referee to give an immediate decision, for no human voice could have been heard above the roar and rattle of human voices which echoed and re-echoed from the rafters and sides of the spacious building.

The scene was a most dramatic one.

Directly in the centre of the ring, upon the resined carpet of canvas, stood Austin, with his hand raised to command the attention which was refused him.

At one side, tottering and reeling, half groggy himself, and panting gaspingly from the effects of the quick rally at the finish, stood Maher, the victor, scowling, clenching his hands as he gazed upon his prostrate antagonist.

Immediately behind him, and flicking water upon him from a sponge, in order to freshen him up in case hostilities were renewed, stood his seconds, while Quinn, his backer, who had forced his way with Paddy Slavin and half a dozen others, through the ropes, tried vainly to get to his side.

Choynski, who was clearly out, was being dragged to his corner by his seconds, who had entered the ring as soon as Austin's hand was raised. They sat him, limp and inert as he was, upon his little stool, and began to apply the restoratives which bring men back from the land of pugilistic nod.

The fat policemen, once they were in the ring, wandered about, pushing their several bulky fists this way and then that way, trying to restore order, but really increasing it by their presence.

Dramatic?

Surely.

About the ringside men clustered as close as a swarm of bees about a hive, only these human bees did not confine their vocal organs to buzzing.

They were shrieking and yelling and shouting.

They swayed backwards and forwards in a button-tearing crush, and no man paid heed to his neighbor.

The tiers of seats emptied their occupants rapidly and the crowd about the ringside grew in numbers and grew in density until there was no inch of space that wasn't occupied.

And then above the din, arose the sound of the gong, beating rapidly and fiercely, to command silence. Fred Fleck, the timekeeper, was trying to accomplish what Austin's voice could not.

Maher was led to his corner and was pushed down onto his stool by his seconds while Quinn patted him on the back and a score of fists were reached through the ropes to shake his hands.

Had he lost the fists would have all been speedily transferred to the other corner, likely as not.

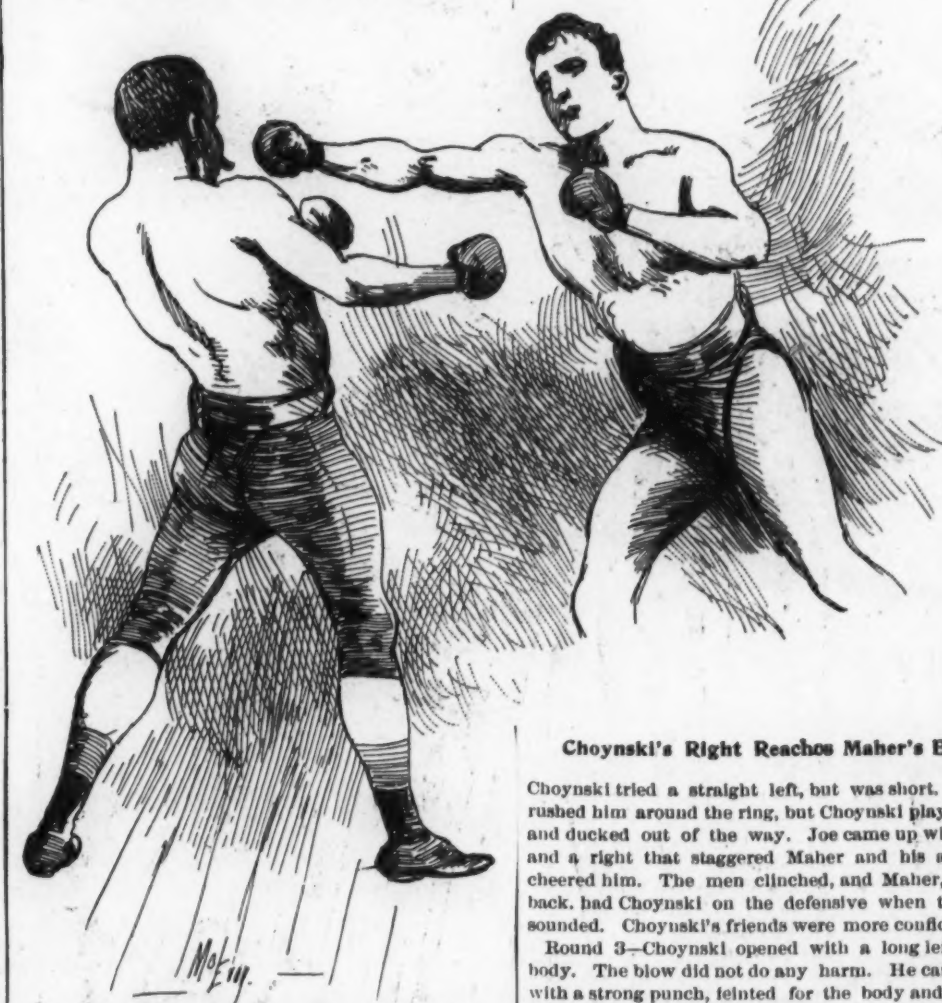
At last, out of all the chaos, came a semblance of order, which was promptly taken advantage of by Charley Harvey, the announcer, who is said to have lungs of rebrant brass and a throat of vibrant steel. He raised both hands in the air and yelled.

But the contest demonstrated one thing beyond doubt and beyond any kind of an argument and it was that boxing in the heart of New York city is popular beyond belief. The announcement of a meeting between two such well-known heavyweights to go twenty rounds was quite enough to fill any building.

There is no better arena in the country than that which the management of the Broadway Club has provided for its patrons, and no club was ever better managed. Two hours before the time scheduled for the first pair of punchers to go on a crowd began to assemble in front of the picturesque building. It was not a fighting crowd by any means, but a crowd composed of the better part of the community, from the staid

business man to the sporty broker always on the qui vive for a little excitement of any kind.

It is not only a tribute to legitimate boxing but a tribute to the management of the club to say that hours before the doors were thrown open every reserved seat



Choynski's Right Reaches Maher's Eye.

Choynski tried a straight left, but was short. Maher rushed him around the ring, but Choynski played foxy and ducked out of the way. Joe came up with a left and a right that staggered Maher and his admirers cheered him. The men clinched, and Maher, coming back, had Choynski on the defensive when the gong sounded. Choynski's friends were more confident.

Round 3—Choynski opened with a long left on the body. The blow did not do any harm. He came back with a strong punch, feinted for the body and shot his right out wickedly for Maher's jaw. The punch was short. Choynski swung for the wind, was short, and clinched. Maher caught him a straight left in the mouth, and he slipped to his knees. When he got up he made a play for Maher's wind, but was short. Maher rushed, but Choynski ducked out of his way, and Maher fell to his knees. Choynski caught him a hard left in the face. Both were sparring for an opening at the end.

Round 4.—As in the preceding round, Choynski opened with a light left on the wind. He tried for the face, but the blow was wild. Sparring followed. It was closed by Choynski planting a left on the wind. Maher forced him to a corner, and as he ducked away caught him in the mouth with a half-arm left. Choynski tried for the face with the left, but the blow was short. Maher planted a straight left on his mouth, and he clinched to save himself. Choynski ducked out of the way of a wicked left as the gong sounded.

Round 5.—Maher was the first to open this time, putting a straight left into his opponent's mouth. He rushed his man to the ropes, but Choynski ducked out of the way. A sharp exchange followed. After receiving two or three left jabs, Choynski tried to get over Maher's guard, but could not do it. Choynski labored a hard left into the face, but was repaid with interest a moment later. But fought fast and cleverly to the close, although the Californian had a trifle the better of it.

Round 6—Choynski started operations with a left on the mouth, and Maher crossed him with a right. Joe came back with two straight rights, the last lifting Maher off his feet and slamming him up against the ropes. If there had been no ropes there he would have measured his length on the floor. Choynski's friends cheered him wildly. The hopes of Maher's supporters dropped below the zero point. They thought that the fight was all over and their man beaten. To their amazement Maher came back and fought with the strength and the desperation of a giant struggling for life. Choynski attempted to withstand the terrific

onslaught, but his effort was in vain. Maher fough him to the ring floor. He arose only to be battered down again with blows that were rained upon him with the force of a thousand-pound trip-hammer. Again he arose, and again he was beaten down. On each occasion he stayed down the full limit. When again he attempted to arise he fell through weakness or went down to save himself from the punch which he knew was awaiting him. When he did get up, finally, Maher shot his right at him with the force of a catapult. The blow landed squarely upon the jaw, and Choynski went down as if he had been felled with an axe. The sound of Choynski's head striking the floor was the signal to friend and foe alike that he had been knocked out, and the house rang with the shouts of Maher's enthusiastic admirers. It was some minutes before Choynski knew what latitude he was in. When he was in a condition to learn the facts, Maher shook hands with him in the most cordial fashion.

When matters, because of the tense feeling which always subdues a crowd at a boxing show, began to simmer down and the folks on the tiers grew quiet, two little fellows Young Sisto, of Providence, and Patay Haley of Buffalo, crept through the ropes into the ring well muffled up and took their respective corners, just long enough to give Tom O'Rourke a chance to make a neat little speech in which he asked for order during the contests.

Then the boys were brought to the centre of ring and after they were cautioned by Sam Austin, the referee, Fred Fleck sounded the gong for the opening of the ten rounds.

Young Sisto started in to rush matters with a vengeance and started off promising that he ran into a bunch right-hand uppercuts that he would never have gotten if he had known how to hold his head up and fight.

When the gong rang at the conclusion of the sixth round Sisto was practically out of the game, and when the seventh round was half concluded Referee Austin stopped the bout and gave the decision to the Buffalo boy.

BELLE GORDON

Wants to Compete for the "Police Gazette" Bag-Punching Championship.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most attractive specialties now before the patrons of vaudeville in this country is Miss Belle Gordon, the champion female bag-puncher of America. There is no question about the legitimacy of this lady's claims, for her challenge issued six months ago has never been accepted, and a substantial forfeit to guarantee the sincerity of her intention to make a match whenever anybody appears to dispute her claim to the championship.

She is confident, too, of outpointing many professional boxers who claim to be expert bag-punchers, and at every performance in which she participates in various theatres throughout the country an offer of \$50 is made to any person, man or woman, whom she cannot outpoint in a bout with the flying sphere.

How Miss Gordon came to make a stand for her championship rights as a bag-puncher is best told in her own words as they were quoted in an interview which recently appeared in the Buffalo, N. Y., *Enquirer*. She says:

"For two years now I have been all over the country playing dates. While we were in Chicago last summer playing at the Lyceum Theatre, a woman named White came to the theatre several times and stole our act and with a man, calling himself Prof. White, started around the country. When we found it out naturally we were mad and I challenged her through several papers to meet me in a competition bag-punching, but she refused. We then went to New York and I heard that Jack Burke, who with his wife does a singular act, had called me a bag of wind. This made me feel worse.

"The next day I called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and, walking up to Sam Austin, the sporting editor, asked him to challenge any woman in the world for a scientific exhibition. He looked at me in an amused way and, bursting out laughing, said: 'Why you are only fooling. You are much too small, and some of these women would eat you up.' I did not say anything, but taking \$250 out of my pocket, placed it on the desk in front of him and said: 'Mr. Austin, I am not fooling, and here is money to back what I say.' Then he issued a challenge, but no one has accepted it. He then offered to back me against any woman bag-puncher in the world for any amount from \$250 to \$1,000, and it still stands."

Miss Gordon has certainly not over-estimated herself. She is far and away a better bag-puncher than either Corbett or Fitzsimmons, and is just about as clever as Tommy Ryan. She does not miss the bag once out of a thousand times and her act is the hit of the show she is now engaged with. She is very ladylike, very small and very pretty, and knows very well how to take care of herself. She was last year offered an engagement as boxing instructor at a well-known female academy in this State whose pupils believe in advanced womanhood. She can make more money, however, she says, on the stage.

"THE FATAL CARD."

The dream of thrills, "The Fatal Card," is now playing to crowded houses at the People's Theatre. This production was seen here last season, and created a most favorable impression. The play is one of heart interest, absorbing and intense in its power, admitting of startling effects, the natural outcome of thrilling episodes. The company this season is one of the best that has ever been seen in this play, and the stage settings and scenic environments are handsome and picturesque.

JOSEPH J. HILD.

Joseph J. Hild, for many years treasurer of the Bijou Theatre, Brooklyn, died last week and was buried from St. James' Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn. The services were attended by some of the leading members of the profession on Friday, November 13. He was one of the most popular men in the profession, and leaves a widow and many sad friends to mourn his loss. His friends will tender his widow a benefit at the above named theatre on December 6.

FIGHTERS—THEIR CAREERS.

In the Prize Ring. Striking stories of battles for blood supremacy. Life of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

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BELLE GORDON.

AMERICA'S CHAMPION FEMALE BAG PUNCHER, OPEN TO COMPETE FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TROPHY FOR SUPREMACY.



HIS KNIFE DIDN'T FRIGHTEN HER.
HOW A BEAUTIFUL AND COURAGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN, OF ATLANTA, GA., CALLED A CROOK'S BLUFF.



ONLY A KENTUCKY COURTSHIP.
BECAUSE HE COULDN'T MARRY THE GIRL, A MAN OF PRESTONSBURG, KY., SHOTS AND KILLS HER FATHER.

WESTWARD THEY SKIPPED

Binn Raised a Check and Eloped With a Brooklynite's Wife.

ROMANCE ON A TRAIN.

At Kansas City His Male Friend Was Wedded to a Strange Woman.

NOW BINN IS "COLLARED."

Mr. George Binn, who was arrested at Los Angeles, Cal., the other day, charged with check-raising, is probably sorry he did it now, but that is not going to help him very much, and he will, no doubt, be returned to New York, from which city he eloped with another man's wife after he had cashed his queer check.

Binn is a rather good-looking man of about thirty-eight years old. He was married about fifteen years ago to a handsome woman, with whom he lived happily until he became the father of two children, and then he began to neglect his wife and pay attentions to other women. Finally his conduct became so unbearable that his wife went to live with her mother.

Then he fell from grace. He received a check of \$441 from his employer, with instructions to go to the bank and cash it. He raised it to \$741 and pocketed the money.

For some time he had been hanging about a Brooklyn drug store, and he had become acquainted with the pretty wife of the owner.

She soon became infatuated with him, and the result was that they frequently met without the knowledge of the husband. Binn always made a display of money before the woman, whereby he convinced her he was a man of considerable wealth. In Brooklyn he met a young man whose name is said to be Orcutt and introduced him to Mrs. Johnson, the druggist's wife, as his friend. She, in turn, introduced Orcutt to a pretty friend, whose name the police decline to make public, on the ground that she belongs to a respectable Brooklyn family, and just saved her good reputation by withdrawing at the last moment from an act of great folly.

Binn proposed an elopement, and Mrs. Johnson finally consented. Orcutt was let into the secret, and he suggested, so it is said, that it would make the affair all the more romantic if Mrs. Johnson's young girl friend could be induced at the same time to run away with him. The matter was broached very delicately to the young woman, and she declared at first that she would do nothing of the kind. Then Binn, Mrs. Johnson and Orcutt all coaxed her, and she finally consented.

It was to get money to pay the expenses of his elopement that Binn resorted to check raising. The same day that he got the money he left New York with Mrs. Johnson on a train for the West, and Orcutt went with them, but not the young woman. Just before the train drew out of the depot she changed her mind.

But notwithstanding this the trip was destined to be a romantic one in the fullest sense of the word, for on the train the man Orcutt met a handsome woman to whom he at once paid the most marked attention. He made love to her most rapidly, and finally he proposed to her. It didn't take her long to make up her mind and when Kansas City was reached they got off the train long enough to get married. Then the jolly party proceeded on their way to California.

There is really no reason why they all would not now be having the finest kind of a time in the Golden State but for Mrs. Johnson's bad break. She took it into her head that her abandoned husband needed consolation and she wrote to him. She begged him to forget and forgive her, but he did neither. He simply took the epistle to Police Headquarters, told the whole story and asked to have his erring helpmate torn from the arms of her lover. Then the story about the check came out and finally the Los Angeles, Cal., police were asked to arrest Binn, which they were not long in doing.

So Binn is coming back to face a hot time. Mrs. Binn is going to get a divorce from him, and the druggist's wife is going back to her husband, who says he will forgive and forget her unfaithfulness. Incidentally she says she will never run away again.

GROUP OF NEW YORK BOXERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Boxers in New York are usually grouped together in what is vulgarly called "stables," and the managers and members of them have a vocabulary which savors strongly of the race track. When a boxer joins a "stable" he is said to have been given a "paddock badge," or has had it taken away, as the case may be. They have their "rubbers" and "handlers," and the manager who supervises the work is referred to as the "main guy."

The "main guy" of the "stable," whose portrait appears on the sporting page of this issue, is John T. Docharty, a well-known local patron of the fist game, who has attended all the big fights held in this country for twelve years past. His usefulness as a matchmaker is apparent from the fact that the men whom he has under his managerial wing are never out of a match.

The star of Docharty's aggregation is Kid McPartland, who is looked upon as the coming lightweight champion. He is trying to arrange a meeting with Kid Lavigne, with a fair prospect of the meeting taking place at one of the big New York clubs. Tommy West, the Californian, is well known in all parts of the world.

He was a man-of-war'sman, and some of his battles have taken place in China, Japan, Africa and the Antipodes. He has fought over seventy-five times, with a fair share of success.

Sam Bolen, the colored star of the troupe, is a 122-pound boxer. He was for a long time Geo. Dixon's partner, and is recognized as one of the best local "feathers" in this vicinity. Jack McDermott handles the boys in the preliminary training and aids Docharty in the corner when they are in the ring. Bob Clark is another trainer, attending personally to McPartland. Dunny Phillips is the 100-pound mascot of the "stable." He won second place in the late bantamweight championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. He is developing into a useful member of the fraternity.

"I'VE TAKEN POISON, MAUDIE!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A house of ill-repute in Poverty Gulch, Cripple Creek, Colo., was the scene of a dramatic suicide early the other morning when Josie Coyle, a popular inmate, ended her troubles with poison. She had taken a large dose of some drug and was partially unconscious when she was discovered by one of the other girls, who asked her if she felt ill.

"I've taken poison, Maudie!" was all she could say, and then she died in a few minutes.

The name, Josie Coyle, was an assumed one. The woman was married, her husband, a blacksmith, residing in Denver. She had two children living with their father, and almost the last thing she said was that she wished they were dead and hoped that they might never know the depth to which their mother had been degraded.

"GO AT HIM FANCY!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a wealthy man of St. Louis who gave an entertainment to his friends recently and who was so anxious to provide something original for the edification of his guests that he arranged a fight between two bull dogs. Of course when the four-legged brindle scrappers were at first brought in the ladies were very properly shocked, and with one accord they sought places of refuge on piano and card tables. When they were



LOVE ON A PULLMAN CAR.

An Eloping Couple Who Made the Most of Their Journey Across the Continent.

all out of harm's way the dogs were unchained and they immediately "got together."

The women became enthusiastic over the sport and actually cheered the brutes on. After the fight had lasted ten minutes the favorite weakened, and after the wreck had been cleared away refreshments were served and the affair declared to be a success.

One of the men present said he never saw such a fine exhibition of hostility in his life.

HIS KNIFE DIDN'T FRIGHTEN HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A bold black outlaw walked into the home of a prominent citizen of Atlanta, Ga., near the corner of Peach and Harris streets, the other day, and proceeded to load up with everything valuable he felt he could carry. The daughter of the family happened to see the man as he was walking out through the hallway with a bundle in one hand and a big knife in the other. In a moment she was out facing him.

"Drop that bundle," she said, sternly. The burglar hesitated a moment, as if contemplating whether to use the deadly weapon he held in his hand, and then turned and walked deliberately down the hall to the rear door. Here he had left his umbrella. He picked it up and proceeded down a long flight of steps into Harris street. As soon as he struck the pavement he started on a dead run toward Courtland street and disappeared.

An investigation of the house showed that the man had been in almost every room in the house.

JUST TOO SWEET!

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MABEL, PICKPOCKET QUEEN

Capture of a Famous Woman by San Francisco Police.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

One of the Most Adroit Criminals Known to the Profession.

SOME SAMPLES OF HER WORK.

Accused of the theft of a paltry \$2, Mabel Keating, who is known professionally as the queen of pickpockets, is again behind the bars at San Francisco. Her accuser is a man of the name of Allen.

According to the story told by Allen he met the woman on O'Farrell street and invited her to join him in some refreshments in a neighboring saloon. When they came out Allen felt in his pockets and discovered that two silver dollars he had while in the saloon were missing. As he had been in the company of no one but his female companion, and as but a few minutes had elapsed between the time when he had put the money

secretly sober at the time met the woman on Sutter street shortly after 8 o'clock in the evening. In his pocketbook he had four \$20 gold pieces, two silver dollars, two half dollars and a medal of about the size and general appearance of a double eagle. These pieces had been placed in the purse without regard to their value and were mixed together indiscriminately. After meeting the woman he walked with her to Grant avenue, stopped and talked with her in a doorway for four or five minutes and then left her. He was careful enough to put his hand on his pocket as she left him to see if his pocketbook was still in its place. His momentary suspicion was disarmed by feeling it still in his pocket, but to make sure he drew out his pocketbook and examined its contents. He found in it two silver dollars, two half dollars and the medal. The \$20 pieces had been taken out.

Another man lost \$500 in bills which he carried in a leather pocketbook in an inside pocket of his vest. He was with the woman but fifteen minutes and during all of that time did not leave the street. He refused at first to believe that she had relieved him of the money and was not fully convinced until some time after her arrest, when overtures were made to him for a return of a portion of the money provided he would decline to prosecute.

BILLY TUCKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known professional bag punchers in the country is Billy Tucker of Newark, N. J. He recently won a prize belt in Boston and is open to compete against anybody in the world.

BROTHER SHOTS BROTHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A well-known man of St. Paul, Minn., killed his brother the other night under very peculiar circumstances. The husband had left home early in the afternoon and expected to be detained over night. He asked his brother to remain at his house. The husband, however, completed his business earlier than expected and determined to return.

Shortly after midnight, when half a mile from home, he heard his wife screaming. Rushing to the house he found her prostrate and his brother bending over her. Realizing a crime had been committed, the husband drew his pistol and shot his brother dead. Five bullets entered the brother, either of which would have caused death. The woman is in a precarious condition.

She says she was roused about midnight by her brother-in-law. She begged for mercy, but she was seized and thrown to the floor, uttering then the scream her husband heard half a mile away. The couple have not been married long. The lady is very pretty.

LA LA COOLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best grade Jap cocks that ever entered a pit is La La Cooler, bred by John F. Cahill, of San Miguel, Cal. He is the winner of eight battles and has decided two mains. His composition is numerous, composing the most prominent winning strains that have been shown in the California pits for the last twenty years. He is a fast fighter, sure cutter and as game as any cock on top of earth.

SHE FELL IN THE GRAVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young woman of Homestead, Pa., had the experience of her life the other day while attending the funeral of her friend. She accompanied the mourners and in some way made a misstep and fell into the grave. As she fell she struck her head and shoulders on the side of the grave, and the lid fell on her, striking her on the back of the neck.

The young woman was pulled out in an unconscious state and removed to her home, where a physician attended her. She did not regain consciousness until three hours later. Her injuries are said to be slight but she was greatly frightened.

"MACK."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Mack" is a full-bred English cockerel owned by Corporal Middleton Moore of Company H, 14th Infantry, and is seven years of age, and has been with the company in all their marches and campaigns. "Mack" is a very remarkable dog, being able to perform many tricks. He sometimes travels twenty or thirty miles with messages from one camp to another. "Mack" has been in a number of army posts and his picture will be readily recognized by many of the boys throughout the army.

LARRY BURNS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best 125-pound boxers now in the East is Larry Burns, of Cohoes, N. Y. He is twenty-six years old and his first professional fight occurred in 1890.

His record is as follows: Beat Denny Shaughnessy, of Troy, 4 rounds; Dick Carey, of Troy, 1½ rounds; Sparrow Lewis, of Troy, 1 round; Dennis Nearney, of Albany, 1 round; Bill Carroll, of Hensick Falls, 1 round; Jack Lynch, of Brooklyn, 1½ rounds; Jack Moran, of New York, 1 round; Jack King, of Brooklyn, 1 round; Joe Purdy, of Brooklyn, 1½ rounds; Jack Guerin, of New York, 2½ rounds; draw, Jack Downey, of Brooklyn, 8 rounds; beaten by Frank Erne, of Buffalo, 5 rounds; beat Marty McCue, of New York, 3 rounds; beat Johnny Gorman, Long Island, 4 rounds; lost decision, Tommy White, Chicago, 10 rounds, and is now open to meet any man of his weight in America.

Fred Morris, the "Black Cyclone," wants to get on a go. He is willing to shape it with any one at 154 pounds. Shape it, eh; that's a new one.

A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS
Without that blue weaving, is yours if you follow the recipes in the new "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." All new fancy drinks and how to mix them. Compiled by an expert. Price 25 cents; mailed free to every one sending \$1.00 for 13 weeks' subscription to POLICE GAZETTE. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

ANOTHER JEALOUS LOVER.

He Sent Two Bullets Into the Head of a Chicago Girl.

SAID SHE LOVED ANOTHER.

A Repetition of the Old Story of a Man Who Couldn't Control Himself.

THOUGHT TO HAVE DIED INSTANTLY.

Simply because he was jealous of a woman whom he imagined he was in love with, Carl Carlson, a Chicago youth, shot and killed Mrs. Bella Thornton in that city recently. She was what is known as a strikingly handsome brunette and first met Carlson about a year ago while she was employed in the Edison photographic parlor of State near Congress street. He came into the place one evening and on their first meeting, it is said, the couple conceived a strong attachment for each other and some months ago they became engaged. He is handsome, too, and is a tall and muscular young fellow, with light hair, blue eyes and a bad temper. It was this violent temper which caused all the trouble. It made him violently jealous and he was abrupt and furious frequently, and when afflicted with one of his paroxysms of jealousy would seize hold of the woman and use force to restrain her movements.

During the day Carlson was employed at a Turkish bath establishment on Madison street, but he was a caller almost every evening on the young lady whose life he took. But these visits did not afford him all the opportunity he desired to see the woman he loved. He decided to make his home in the same house with her. He went there, and was given a room on the third floor in the rear. Mrs. Thornton's room was on the second floor front, and one morning as Carlson was still in his room an hour past his usual time for going to work she went up to call him.

As he opened the door her arm got caught in the space between the hinges. She cried to the landlady to come and release her, but finding she needed no help to do this she returned to her room, followed by Carlson. There the couple had their breakfast. No sound or any disturbance was heard. People in the next room could not even hear their voices. Whatever they discussed was unknown to all others in the house and the nature of their discussion was unknown till suddenly the sound of a revolver was heard.

Instantly a second shot was fired and as a wreath of blue smoke drifted out the door Carlson bounded out in the hall and ran rapidly downstairs, disappearing at the street door on Michigan avenue.

In a moment the house was all excitement. The first one to enter the room was the landlady, and the first thing she saw was the dead body of the woman who was lying on the floor with her head in a pool of blood. It was apparent she had been shot while sitting down, and from behind, too, the location of the wounds on the right side of her head being such that she could not have seen the revolver as Carlson leveled it at her.

A doctor was sent for at once, but the woman had died long before he came. Those in the house who know the facts said jealousy was the cause of the murder. Some there were who in the first few excited moments following the tragedy said they had advised Mrs. Thornton to be on her guard against Carlson's jealous disposition. Not one present was able to tell any incident that might have excited the man that morning. They only knew that trifles seemed to carry him away when the matter in any way touched upon Mrs. Thornton. At such times he would act like a crazy man, so the people said, and it got rumored about that Carlson's mad attack was due to his finding a letter in Mrs. Thornton's room.

No one professed to know the contents of this letter, but the missive seemingly set fire to Carlson's mind and before the woman knew of his purpose he sprang to his feet and drew his revolver. As she did not cry out the other roomers in the house inferred that she did not see the revolver. And before she could turn around Carlson had sent two bullets through her brain and in another second she was dead.

The police found a photograph of Carlson in the woman's room and with this they went in search of the murderer. They went to the Turkish bath house where he was employed, and they found him in the basement lying on a lounge, apparently asleep.

He admitted his identity, and he also acknowledged he had shot the woman, but added that he did not know what he was doing at the time.

In a rambling, indistinct way he spoke of his great love for "Bella," as he called her, and said something about finding a letter. The detectives were of the opinion Carlson acted without any premeditation and wholly on impulse. They learned later, however, that he got the revolver with which he did the shooting early the night before, and this circumstance gave color to a theory that Carlson's crime was a cold-blooded one.

Later he said that while he was in her room he found a letter from another man which showed beyond any doubt in his mind that she was in love with this other man. They quarreled about it, and parted in anger. The next morning when he arose he went to her room and the quarrel was renewed.

CHOPPED WOOD FOR A HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a most novel wood-cutting contest in Little Rock, Ark., the other day in which several love-sick

young women took part. The girls were all employed in a large establishment in town, and they took half a day off to settle who was entitled to a swell young fellow who had been paying general attention to them all without any particular preference. So each one, armed with a brand new axe, went to a well-known wood yard and started in to work. There were two young men who acted as referee and judge. For four hours the fair choppers kept at it; the girls got red in the face, they rolled up their sleeves until their plump, pink arms were bared almost to the shoulders, and they whacked away at the hemlock blocks as though their lives depended on the struggle. Finally time was called, and when the sticks in the pile had been counted it was discovered that the homeliest one of the whole bunch had won.

SAW HIS WIFE TAKE POISON.

After an Estrangement a Bride Removes Herself From this Mundane Sphere.

Mrs. Thomas Harrison, a young wife of Nevada, Mo., the other day swallowed strychnine in the presence of her estranged husband and died in most awful agony in his arms. The tragedy occurred on their farm not far out of town.

Six months ago they agreed to separate. She went to live with her parents and he with his. On Saturday afternoon, knowing her husband would be at their old home, attending to stock, she drove over there, taking a little girl with her.

They talked over matters for a few moments. She told him she had come back to live with him, but he demurred and she then swallowed the fatal dose. He lifted her into the buggy and drove hastily to a neighbor's house, but she died in terrible convulsions in her husband's arms, before she could be lifted out of the buggy. It is one of the saddest occurrences in the history of that county. The dead woman was only about twenty years of age. She purchased the strychnine about two weeks previous.

THERE WAS A SMALL RIOT.

Negroes of Winchester, Ky., Are Shot While Trying to Rescue a Prisoner.

There was an old-time Kentucky scrap at Winchester, in that State, the other afternoon, when Chief of Police Donahue attempted to arrest Will Rankin, a colored man, in the negro quarter on Maple street known as Bucktown. Rankin resisted arrest and was quickly



WAS INSANELY JEALOUS.

A Chicago Lover Pulls a Big Gun and Sends His Good-looking Girl to Her Doom.

surrounded by his friends, who attacked the chief with razors and forced him to retreat. The officer immediately summoned a posse, which arrested Rankin and another negro named Bob Haggard.

The shooting was general, and it was impossible to find out who fired the first shot or who were the principals in the deadly fusillade. A number of those wounded were bystanders, who were taking no part in the fray. The occurrence created the most intense excitement. Hundreds of colored people, men and women, congregated in Bucktown and, armed with shotguns, muskets, rifles, pistols and knives, declared that they would defend themselves, even to the death. The white people also began to arm themselves, and for a time a bloody crisis seemed imminent. Some of the cooler heads, however, prevailed upon the excited throng that lined the streets to disperse.

ONLY A KENTUCKY COURTSHIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

They have a queer way of doing things in Kentucky, and for that reason there was a reward of \$500 offered for the capture of Tom Moore, who is charged with the killing of Bud Reynolds, a well-known distiller of Prestonsburg, Ky.

Moore was in love with Reynolds' daughter, and he had been courting her for some time against the wishes of the old man. The other day he walked into town saying he intended to either marry the girl or kill the father before night. The two men met at Reynolds' place and after an exchange of shots, clinched and fell, both using their revolvers all the while. Moore got to his feet first, finished his man and then skipped out.

Although terribly wounded he managed to evade capture for several days, but at last he was found asleep on the top of a mountain by Kid Green, deputy United States marshal, and John Clark, deputy sheriff.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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ORDERED HER COFFIN.

This Odd Young Woman Dressed Herself for the Grave.

THEN A BULLET ENDS ALL.

Was Beautiful and Apparently Wealthy Enough to Enjoy Her Life.

HER LETTER TO AN UNDERTAKER.

One of the most remarkable stories of suicide comes from Jacksonville, Fla., and it tells of the dramatic death of a handsome young woman of the name of Fannie Viola Finnegan, whose home was in Spencer, Mass., and who ended her life by shooting herself. She had evidently known well in advance what she wanted to do, for some weeks ago she started in by purchasing a lot at the cemetery. When she arrived she wore rich and fashionable clothing, and she spent money freely. She rented a safe deposit shortly after her arrival, in which she placed not only a considerable amount of money, but a lot of valuable jewelry.

At 1 o'clock in the morning a pistol shot was heard in the room at the hotel occupied by her, and when the manager and some other employees entered they found her laid out on the bed, dressed all in white, and dead. On the dressing-case were two letters which had been

tell his gaying friends that he really can't understand why his house should have been picked out. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening that the good man and his family were startled by footsteps on the front porch. It seemed as if there were two in the party. They talked very softly, and in a moment stepped quickly off the porch and out the front gate.

The man, expecting parties to ring the bell, never thought of investigating. When they left it occurred to him that they had probably come to the wrong number. But he quickly changed his mind.

Within a very short time the plaintive wail of a crying infant came to the ears of the Atlanta man and his family. It is asserted that he turned a shade paler when he heard it, and looked uneasily at his wife. The cries grew louder and louder, and finally ended in a most discordant howl. And then the whole family rushed out on the porch and found the kid cosily nestling in a big basket.

The basket was picked up and carried into the house. On examination it was found that the baby was blessed with an abundant wardrobe, and also two bottles of milk, one of which soon began to disappear in a hurry. There was not the slightest evidence in the basket to reveal the child's identity.

After a few minutes of excitement it suddenly occurred to the man of the house that he had an elephant on his hands. Rushing to the telephone, he called up the station house and asked that an officer be sent to him immediately. When the policeman came he took the kid in charge and had it sent to where it could be taken care of.

A significant fact in connection with the case is that the man upon whose porch the kid was left doesn't go around town very much at nights now, and every time he sees one of his former friends coming he dodges around a corner. Of course no one in the whole town would suspect him of doing anything a real good, church-going, married man ought not to do, but this baby business does look just a little suspicious, to say the least.

BOOTED OUT OF A CAFE.

Hot Experience of Two Swells in a Cafe in St. Louis, Mo.

The other night two heavy swells went into one of the most prominent cafes in St. Louis, and seating themselves at a conspicuous table, ordered dinner. The waiter whom they had called, said:

"The headwaiter has instructed me not to serve you gentlemen, and to ask you to leave."

The waiter did not speak in a low tone of voice and in a moment there was a sensation.

The would-be diners wanted to know why they couldn't eat there.

"Isn't this a public place," said one. "I've got the money to pay for everything we order, and I propose to be served."

The men were well-dressed, wearing black cutaway suits, smooth shaven and looked like professional men. It seemed strange to the others in the place and everybody waited anxiously for the white-aproned functionary to return after reporting the last declaration of the gentleman in black. When the waiter returned he was accompanied by the house detective. The detective ordered the men out in approved detective manner. They demurred at first, but finally went out. The reason for this extraordinary carrying on was a mystery to everybody in the place. Nobody had any idea what it was all about.

About an hour later one of the swells returned. He had been drinking and couldn't walk a chalk line to save his neck.

He sat down at one of the tables and in a loud tone announced that he proposed to have the lobster he had ordered, and proposed to have it "d—d quick." He also declared his intention to lick every attache of the house, particularly the headwaiter. A

waiter retreated to the rotunda and summoned the detective again. The officer is not very big, but is quite a fighter. He waltzed up to the man in black and grabbing him by the shoulder, said:

"Get out of here, you big stiff. Didn't I tell you not to come back here?"

With that he yanked the man out of his chair and hustled him toward the door. The drunken man's feet dragged on the floor, he upset chairs and tried to hold to every table he passed. In the middle of the room he broke away and aimed a pivot blow at the detective, who cleverly dodged and then uppercut the man. The latter recovered promptly and the pair went at it hands and feet. It was great sport for the crowd that frequented the cafe about midnight, and they cheered and urged on the combatants. It is said that French Sensuous jumped on a table to get a better view of the fray and knocked over a bottle of mustard which spoiled his light trousers. When it looked as if the detective was getting the worst of it a burly porter showed up and took a hand in the fight. He grabbed the man in black by the collar and loose portion of his trousers and made him "walk Spanish." The detective with wonderful foresight opened the door and held open the storm doors. When within a few feet of the door the porter gave him a push to get him within the proper range, then swung his foot and landing it where it would do the most good, finished the excitement. The swell landed fifteen feet away and the row was over.

Warren Lewis, the Brooklyn sporting man, has secured a lease of the old Cony Island clubhouse. Lewis says he will hold the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Cony Island in January. Sporting men, however, do not think such a battle would be permitted to take place in the City of Churches, and the authorities of Brooklyn who have had a lot to say in the past about such things are getting their ammunition ready for action.

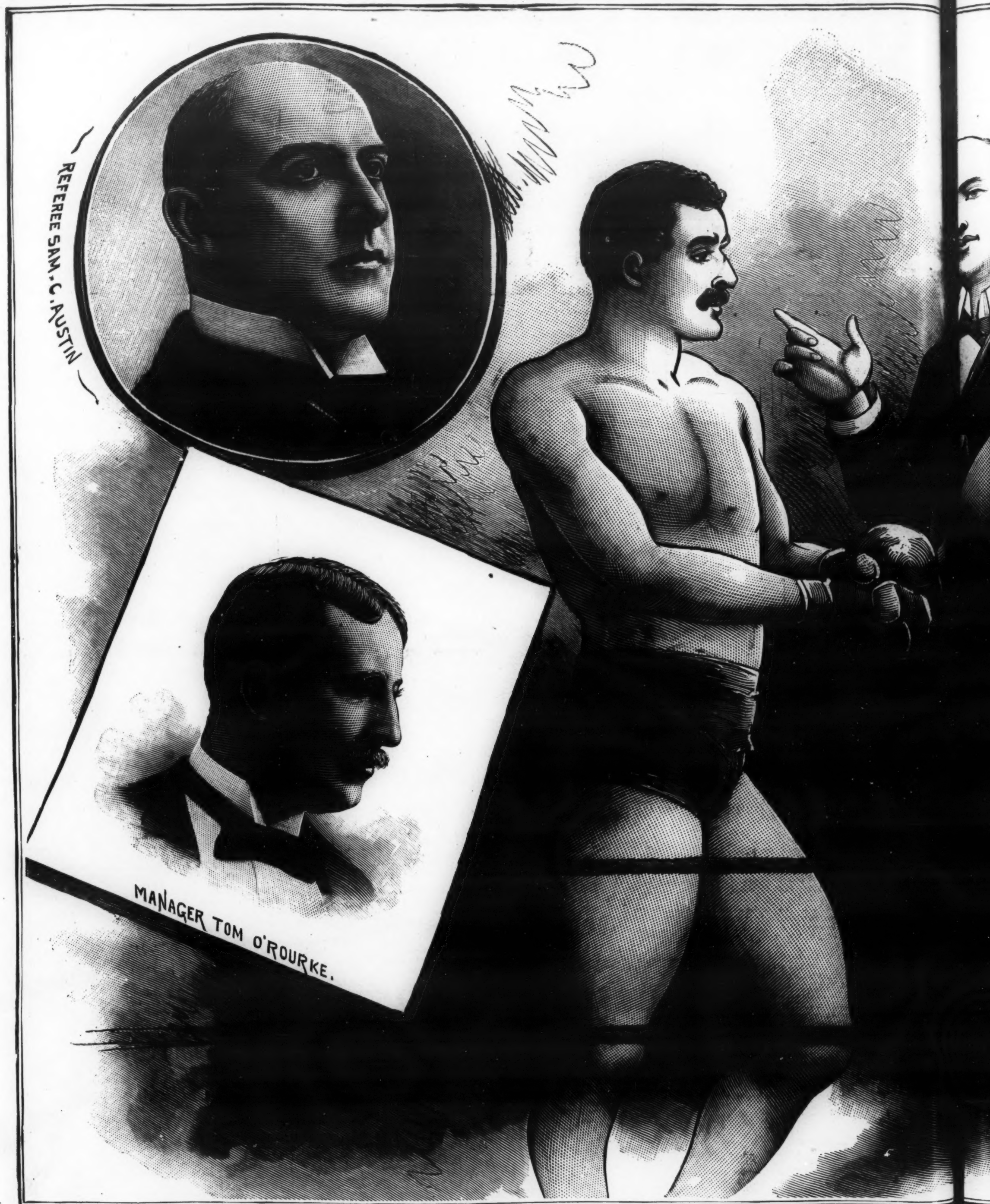
THE PAGE THAT KILLS.

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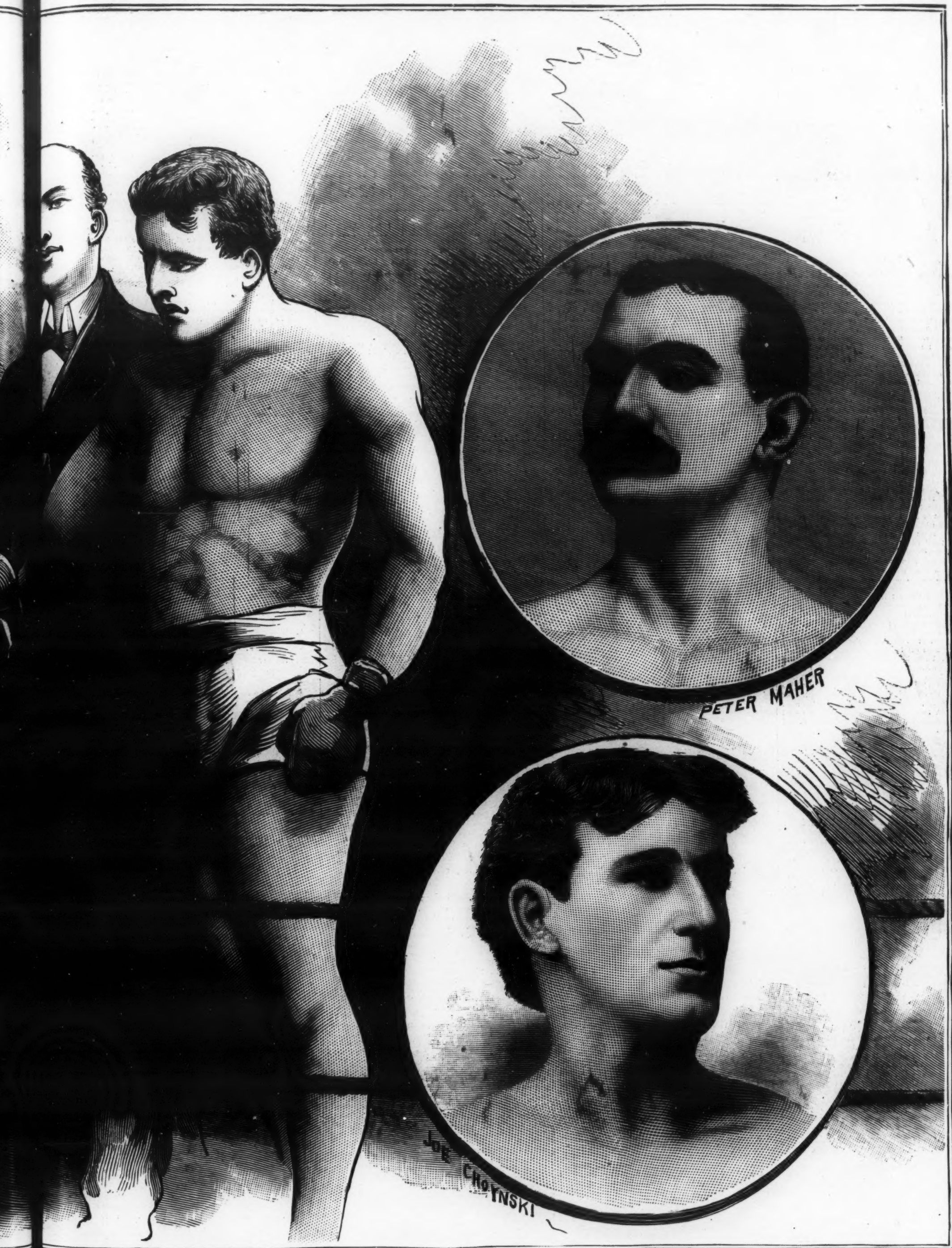
A BLONDE LEFT THE BABY.

A Sedate Citizen of Atlanta, Ga., Has a Baby Left On His Doorstep.

A beautiful, blue-eyed baby was left on the doorstep of one of Atlanta, Ga.'s, most prominent citizens the other night, and since then the man has been trying to



BATTLE BETWEEN
PETER MAHER, OF IRELAND, AND JOE CHOYNSKI, OF CALIFORNIA, IN
BROADWAY ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK.



VE THE GIANTS.

OR IN. A CONTEST OF FISTIC SKILL AND SUPREMACY, AT THE
NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1896.

AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Sharkey Confident That He Will
Best Fitzsimmons.

AGAINST THE HORTON LAW.

Queer Look About the Late Goddard
and Smith Affair.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD BRICKS.

The matching of Fitzsimmons and Sharkey and the fact that both men are on the spot ready to do business when the eventful day shall arrive, seems to have re-established the big fellows of the fistic game to favor the extension of the sporting public. The Australian and the Sailor have demonstrated that they at least mean business, and the outcome of the meeting, which, by the way, takes place in San Francisco on Dec. 9 will bring forward a candidate for championship honors that Corbett cannot ignore, and the result of negotiations which will be immediately begun will demonstrate the sincerity of Corbett's intention to fight again or force him into retirement.

Interest in the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons affair is very keen in all parts of the country, and speculation upon the probable outcome is fairly divided. Of course, the adherents of the Australian, who have all along maintained that he could whip Corbett, will preserve their allegiance to him by supporting the theory that Sharkey did not whip Corbett when they boxed in 'Prisco last summer, while Sharkey's friends, upholding the belief that Corbett can whip Fitzsimmons, will play the Sailor as they would pompador Jimmy in a fight with the lanky 'un.

Sharkey is confident of his ability to best Fitzsimmons. He writes in reply to the query, "Can you defeat Fitzsimmons?" as follows: "Without any desire to appear boastful, I may honestly say I believe I can. What are my grounds for so believing? Well, I will tell you. Jim Corbett and Jim Hall had a private trial in Chicago a few years ago, just before Corbett fought Sullivan, and the California fairly smothered the Australian. Some time later Hall and Fitzsimmons fought for \$40,000 in New Orleans. Hall had away the best of it, I am told, till he got Fitzsimmons' terrible half-arm jab on the jaw, which put him into dreamland. Some people call it a 'lucky' blow. I don't think it was chance, however, as he got it in twice on Peter Maher, once on Jim Hall and once on Joe Choyanski when the battle was going against him. All I will say on that point is that I don't think he can get it in on a fifth victim, as I have studied that blow a bit, and think I can stop it, or at least step away from it.

"Now my readers can readily follow me in my argument. I believe I can whip Fitz, because Corbett, whom I really defeated, smothered Hall, who in turn is a bit cleverer than Fitz and just as hard a hitter, and some say was just as good a man in days gone by. Anyhow, each man has a victory to his credit. Hall whipped Fitz in Australia and Fitz turned the tables on him here.

"Fitz can't knock me out in ten rounds, or, I believe, in any number of rounds. I have had many fights with American, Norwegian and British tars, and I never met a man who could hurt me with his hands. I also had eleven boxing contests in California after I left the navy in just as many months, among them being the mills with plucky Joe Choyanski and clever Jim Corbett. None of these hurt me a particle, but I injured every one of my adversaries. All but Joe and Jim I whipped outright, and expert judges say I would have finished them in a round or two more. With these I was awarded draws.

"I want no draw with Fitz, however. I know a bit more than I did six months ago, and I will try my best from the start to whip him. I honestly believe I will outwear and outfight him."

Fitzsimmons on the other hand isn't saying much. He had his say in New York after he saw the sailor display his talents at Madison Square Garden in a four-round bout with John L. Sullivan. Fitz's opinion then was that he could beat Sharkey in four rounds, and this belief he has had no reason to change.

That fight between Denver Ed Smith and Joe Goddard, which took place in South Africa last week, seems to have a "fishy" odor about it, if the remarks of certain people who were very close to the Denver chap have any significant bearing upon the situation. Denver Ed was not over-anxious to take the trip, and even the promise of a hat full of pigeon blood rubies and the promise of a cut of Barney Harato's rake-off were not sufficient to lure him away, until the persuasive quality of Jake Hildebrandt's eloquence began to get in its deadly work. Denver Ed knew better than anybody else that his previous victory over the Barrier champ. was a fluky affair, and he had no wish to assist in a public demonstration of that fact by engaging in another battle with Goddard.

But Hildebrandt came along; there were two or three talks; what the nature of them has never been divulged, for stenographic reports of the interviews might have been compromising, but the fact remains that Denver Ed suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that South Africa was the only place on earth for a fighter to be, and I'm pretty sure he didn't go there to get the dirty end of it. Smith never was averse to getting the money. If it was just as easy to get it by being all right, he got it that way, but if it wasn't—well, he got it.

There have been some notable happenings of late in South African fistic affairs. Owen Sullivan is frank enough to admit that his affair with Jack Burke was a "job." J. B. Couper, who is now engaged in projecting fistic affairs in the African Colonies, comes out flat-footed with the statement that the recent fight between Tom Duggan and Bill Doherty was prearranged, and the latest African papers received here contain columns of discussion, together with details from both men—a proceeding which seemed to be necessary. Now comes the story that Denver Ed, a heavy favorite in the betting, goes down before the giant of the Baggers, before the latter had in fistic enough punishment to do any damage.

Now comes a statement by cable that Smith wants to "go" Goddard again. Verily, the African angel must be easy!

Warren Lewis is still around proclaiming his intention to bring Corbett and Fitzsimmons together at Coney Island and protesting against the opinions of those who do not concur with him, but his argumentative energies seem to be wasted in trying to force the conviction upon anybody. He is trying to "jolly" himself into believing that a meeting between Corbett and Fitz would be a good thing for the game by attracting the interest of people who have never given any attention to the game, and thus will the other clubs be benefited by increased patronage.

This line of reasoning, however, is weak and lacks the power of conviction for the belief is pretty general that any further efforts on Lewis' part to promote this affair will only cause the repeal of a good law, a law which has thus far operated to the satisfaction of everybody. The sport never was in a more healthy condition than now. Nothing has occurred to change the opinion of those who were responsible for the enactment of the law than that it was the best thing that ever happened in the fistic game, the confidence of the public has been re-established, the patronage is good, bouts are plentiful and the boxers realize that an era of prosperity is at hand, and yet one mistake would put an end to it all.

The best interests of the game seem to demand that all negotiations for Corbett and Fitzsimmons to fight in New York State be abandoned. Lewis may be sincere but there isn't the slightest

possible chance for his hopes to be realized, and he is wasting time, energy and money on a "dead card."

Never was a word from McKinley—the great silent man—awaited with keener anxiety than the sporting community awaits a message from Dan Stuart regarding his intentions toward settling the mooted question whether Corbett and Fitzsimmons want to fight, and if not, why not. It behooves the genial Dan to do a little "smoking up" just now. He is conceded to be the only man who can bring an affair of such magnitude to a culminating point, and if Stuart would only make up his mind to offer his purse it would keep a lot of "four flushers" from agitating matters for the purpose of getting some personal notoriety.

From what I can learn Stuart will be in the East within two weeks prepared to make a proposition. He still favors Mexico as the probable location of the battle ground, and is just as desirous as ever of bringing the affair off if the men want to fight.

Some unscrupulous people in England who find pleasure and occupation in kicking up trouble and annoyance wherever it can possibly be done, recently circulated a report to the effect that "Parson" Davies and his little champion, Jimmy Barry, had parted company and the latter had placed his managerial affairs in the hands of someone else. Barry, as soon as he heard of it, hastened to nail the story as a lie. His letter is as follows:—

November 9, 1896.
Dear Sir: My attention has been called to an article in a London sporting paper in which the statement is made that I am no longer under the management of Mr. Charles E. Davies, and giving as a reason that we had disagreed over financial matters. I wish to deny the truth of the above statement. My relations with Mr. Davies have always been of a pleasant and agreeable nature and we have never had any disagreement of any kind. Mr. Davies is the only one who has any authority to make matches for me, and any statement to the contrary is false. I expect to go to England with Mr. Davies in December, in company with Joe Choyanski and Bob Armstrong. Trusting you will kindly insert this in your next edition, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
JAMES BARRY,
Champion Bantamweight of America.
SAM AUSTIN.

FISTIC NOTES.

Jack Hanley, the lightweight boxer, now in Buffalo, N. Y., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is anxious to "go" anybody in America at 135 or 138 pounds.

If Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey could induce two more good talkers to play in their card, they could have a rattling



Robt. Emslie, a Once-Famous Ball-Player Who is Now Regarded as the National League's Best Umpire.

good game of "pussy in the corner," with the sailor the central figure.

Warren Lewis, who is agitating the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Coney Island, has leased a clubhouse and made other necessary arrangements for the big battle. All he now wants is Corbett and Fitz.

Mattie Rice, the former amateur bantam champion of America, and Fred Mayo have been matched by Johnny Eckhardt to box ten rounds before the South Brooklyn, N. Y., Athletic Club on Saturday, Nov. 21.

Joe Gans, of Baltimore, defeated Jerry Marshall, of Australia, in twenty rounds at the Eureka Athletic Club, Baltimore, on Wednesday night. Gans was about 15 pounds heavier than Marshall. At no time did Marshall have a chance to win.

Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," has accepted the offer of a \$1,000 purse to box Dan Creedon, of Australia, and will start for this country just as soon as Creedon accepts the offer. If the match is arranged it will be pulled off in the Bohemian Sporting Club in December or January.

KOEGL GETS HIS MEDAL.

The Champion-Globe Trotter Wins a "Police Gazette" Trophy.

One of the pleasing features of the week at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Thursday last was the presentation to Mr. Gus Koegel of a huge gold medal, emblematic of the globe trotting championship of the world. The trophy was the reward for accomplishing one of the most sensational feats on record, that of walking completely around the world. On Jan. 3, 1895, Mr. Koegel and his partner left the POLICE GAZETTE office on his self-imposed journey. He returned alone on Nov. 3 last, tired, travel-stained and weary, after negotiating the hardest part of the task, a trip overland from California. During his absence Mr. Koegel has visited all the countries of Continental Europe, Asia, Africa and the Antipodes, or wherever it was possible for mortal man to travel afoot. His experiences were hard, and his reminiscences interesting. Next week his portrait will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE, together with a fac-simile of the trophy which Mr. Richard K. Fox caused to be made in commemoration of his extraordinary feat.

THE SUBTLE TRICKS

of the gambler exposed in "Baccarat." No. 1 FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. By a celebrated Parisian writer. Illustrated throughout. Price 50 cents, from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

HOW WE ARRANGE MATCHES

"Police Gazette" a Factor in
Fixing Up Contests.

JUST ONE BUSY WEEK.

Local Matchmakers and Those of Out of
Town Clubs Throng the Office.

GOOD BOUTS NOW ON THE TAPIS.

No institution in the country has been, is and will be a more important factor in promoting the fistic game than the POLICE GAZETTE. There is an old adage among the experts of the fistic art that if you want a match at any game the POLICE GAZETTE is the place to apply. Not only boxers, but wrestlers, strong men, weight lifters, bag punchers, bridge jumpers, high divers, etc., etc., all depend upon the influence of the POLICE GAZETTE to get them matches, and the fact that our efforts in the past have been successful is so quickly attested by the crowd of sports that visit the Franklin Square establishment daily and from the letters we receive from the managers of out of town clubs who solicit our aid in getting them attractions for their gatherings.

Since the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE ten or twelve important matches have been made at this office, all involving forfeits and stake moneys which find a safe and secure depository here pending the settlement of the questions at issue.

Probably the most important event of the week was the matching of George Dixon and Frank Krue for the featherweight championship of the world. Tom O'Rourke and J. C. Kennedy respectively,

acted for Jack Hanley at 135 or 138 pounds. The matchmaker of the club was placed in communication with Kil McPartland, Mike Leonard and Steve Tonkins.

And so we go along giving advice and suggestions for matches, signing on for out-of-town clubs, arranging bouts for the local clubs and doing everything that is possible to boom the boxing game along.

SMALL FISTIC TALK.

Boxing seems to be getting considerable encouragement in the United States navy yard. The fact that Sharkey is a sailor and served under the Stars and Stripes with his successful career has encouraged a large number of sailors to take up the sport with enthusiasm. Michael Foley, of the United States flagship New York, who is said to be a very clever fellow by his shipmates, boxed eight rounds at 115 pounds with Jimmy Hoer, of New York, at the tournament of the Bohemian Sporting Club last Tuesday night, and won quite handily.

The Gotham Athletic Club, of New York, will throw open its doors to the public on Friday night, Nov. 20. The opening card as arranged is as follows: Henry Baker, of Chicago, vs. Charley Strong, of Newark, twelve rounds at catch weight; Bobby Dubbs, of Minneapolis vs. Joe Feilden, of England, ten rounds at 138 pounds; Frank Zimpher, of Buffalo, vs. Danny McMahon, of Detroit, ten rounds at 118 pounds. The Gotham A. C. is located in the Harlem River Casino, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and Second avenue.

Tommy Ryan is training near Syracuse for his Billy Smith bout. Ryan is working very hard and says: "I know that I will have to be in shape. Smith is a fellow who can hit hard and is going to whip me if he can. It will be a betting fight. The chances are even and quite a large sum of money will change hands on the result. I will win. I am taking twice as much exercise as I ever did before. My legs are with me and I can't see how I can lose. I will spend the month near Syracuse and will be ready to put up the fight of my life when I meet Smith."

Dan Monagle, the Australian lightweight champion, who has gained many victories in New South Wales, is to visit this country with Ned Baldwin, the well-known Australian bookmaker. The latter believes Monagle has the science and stamina to defeat any lightweight at 135 pounds, although he fights a shade under the lightweight champion's limit. Baldwin will match him to fight Young Corbett on his arrival in San Francisco, and should the latter not be willing to meet the Australian, any lightweight who is looking for an engagement will be accommodated. Monagle is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and his fighting weight is 132 pounds.

In the woods near Nottingham, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, on Nov. 10, Jimmy Ryan, of Cincinnati, and Lon Bee'with, of Cleveland, started a finish fight at 1.15 in the morning for \$500 a side and gate money. The men were both in the lightweight limit. George LaBlanche took charge of Ryan, Johnny Green, of Toledo, watching Bee'with's interests. George Erlinger acted as referee and John Donaldson as timekeeper. It was a slugging match for ten rounds, neither man being able to more than tagger about at that stage of the contest. The Nottingham marshal and a posse started for the ring, but were beaten by a sporting adherent, who gave warning in time to save the fighters and 250 spectators from arrest. Erlinger called it a draw.

Two good bouts were pulled off before the Syracuse, N. Y., Athletic Association on Nov. 10. Eddie Curry, of New York, got the decision over Jack McDonald, of Newark, N. J., after fifteen rounds of terrific fighting, in which McDonald showed wonderful pluck and endurance. In the tenth and twelfth rounds he was practically out, but by a phenomenal effort he continued till the end. He was badly punished. George English, of Troy, and Sam McGree, of Bangor, Me., fought six rounds. English got the decision. Harvey Barker, of Rochester, threw Adam Miller, of Syracuse, in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout in nine minutes and thirty-five seconds. This was for the championship of central New York.

AUSTRALIAN FISTIC NEWS.

The following Australian sporting advice have been received here via Vancouver, B. C.:

Matters fistic have taken an upward tendency, especially at Sydney and Melbourne. In Western Australia, notably at the Coolgardie Gold Fields, boxing has drawn large crowds, and many events have taken place.

At the Melbourne Victoria Hall, on Oct. 3, Dan Monagle, who purposes visiting the United States by an early steamer, and Jack McGowan, Australia's crack lightweight, fought one of the best ten-round draws seen for some time in Melbourne. The battle was remarkable owing to the number of blows each man received and the punishment meted out.

At Coolgardie, Western Australia, on Oct. 5, the colonial heavyweights, Charley Dunn and Pat O'Toole, battled for the Gold Fields championship and a purse of £200. Mick Dunn's entry (O'Toole) was knocked down and out in the first round. He did not recover consciousness for fully ten minutes. Harry Goddard, brother of Joe Goddard, who defeated Peter Maher in America, will be Dunn's next opponent.

At Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Oct. 1, J. McIver and W. Raff fought an eight-round battle. The contest was a lively one, and drew forth much discussion in lightweight circles, as the men are of well-known ability. McIver was awarded the fight.

At Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Oct. 7, Peter Felix and Dan Keeley met to settle the mooted question of supremacy. As Felix is an American colored man and a claimant for the colonial heavyweight championship, the meeting drew a large attendance. Though the contest was decided a draw, when the gong sounded at the conclusion of the eighth round the vast audience signified their disapproval by cat-calls and hisses, and shouted "Felix! Felix!" Later he was matched to box the colored American, "Starlight," who battled Dan Creedon, now in America, for middleweight championship a few years ago at Melbourne.

At Ballarat, Oct. 6, Harry ("Dummy") Mace knocked out the crack Ballarat boxer, Jack Archer, in the fifth round. Mace, notwithstanding his mature age, is considered one of the best boxing tacticians in Australian lightweight circles. He intends visiting America at an early date.

CHALLENGE FROM YOUNG SANDOW.

New York, Nov. 12, 1896.

In your issue of the 14th appears a challenge of H. C. Salliel to lift weights with any 140-pound boy.

I weigh 135 pounds, and would be pleased to make a match with him for any sum up to \$200, and would thank you to send me his address or publish my letter.

Will meet him or his representative at your office any time convenient to him, and make a deposit in evidence of good faith.
Very truly yours,
M. TREMETH (Young Sandow),
690 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTS TO RUN BACON

Boston, Mass., Nov. 6, '96.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: I hereby challenge to run any man in the world from one to five miles for a stake of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) one month from signing articles of agreement. Mullins, Crossland or F. E. Bacon (the English champion) preferred.
(Signed)
PATRICK CARROLL, 234 Devonshire St., Champion of America.

ROBERT EMSLIE.

One of the Best-Known League Baseball Umpires.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nick Young's staff of League baseball umpires contains no more efficient member than Robert Emslie. The latter acquired an enviable record as a player and since he became an umpire has added to his reputation as a fair, equal dispenser of justice.

THREE RACY PICTURES.

Just the kind for barber shops and saloons. All handsomely colored. Worth framing. Price for all three, 15 cents. Bold in a tube and mailed to your address.
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

POLICE GAZETTE DAILY HINTS BY CABLE FROM LONDON.

International Matches Arranged for English and American Clubs
by Special Telegraphic Facilities.

SAMMY KELLY STARTS FOR BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

Matched to Fight Plimmer Before the Olympic Club for a \$2,500 Purse
and a \$1,000 Side Bet.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR GREEN AND BURGE TO FIGHT NOW PENDING.

Never before in the history of pugilism did such an intense feeling of international rivalry manifest itself as now exists. Only a few weeks have been devoted to this work, but in that short space of time the POLICE GAZETTE has accomplished wonders. Two international matches between representative boxers of the new and old worlds have been consummated, and arrangements for many more are now pending with a fair amount of success.

The POLICE GAZETTE is engaged in a great mission in England. The pugilistic game was practically upon its last legs; interest in the noble sport was on the decline; the gloves of to-day so to speak unfavorably with the knuckle artists of the past decade, who brought fame and glory to the "old country." Matches of a one-sided character became too frequent to please the patrons of the sport, and a generally unhealthy and unwholesome condition of things prevailed until the POLICE GAZETTE stepped into the breach with a boom that bids fair to re-excite interest, stir up patronage, infuse new life and re-establish the game in the hearts of everybody.

The POLICE GAZETTE has begun the issue of an English edition which compares in every respect and detail with the American paper, which is beyond doubt the nearest approach to the acme of perfection in its own special line in the world.

The POLICE GAZETTE is the sporting paper of the world, and when we say that the English edition compares with it, it means that all the resources, acquired from twenty years' experience, have been concentrated in an effort to bring it to a condition of absolute perfection.

Added features to suit and please the wishes of the public have made the POLICE GAZETTE what it is to-day, and it is to Mr. Richard K. Fox's desire to continue improving the paper as much as possible that its readers are indebted for a special department devoted entirely to international news and gossip.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is an aphorism that was not made to distinctly apply to the POLICE GAZETTE, but it does all the same, for the fruits of the POLICE GAZETTE's labors in the international pugilistic vineyard have been to supply England with American talent, which it is very sure England would not have had but for the publication of the London edition of the foremost sporting paper in the world, and the incidental establishment of an international exchange by which matches can be arranged by cable and everything done to facilitate the labors of the matchmakers of clubs on both sides of the Atlantic. This is done at no other cost to them than a courteous acknowledgment of our labors and a continuance of their kindly interest in the POLICE GAZETTE.

Mr. Fox has been ably seconded in his endeavors to elevate the boxing game in England by the Olympic Club, of Birmingham, England, the head and front of which is Mr. John S. Barnes, late of St. Paul, Minn.

Ever since its incorporation the National Sporting Club, of London, has held a monopoly of the situation. No other organization of responsibility existed in London, and the boxing fraternity was forced to submit to its dictates or starve. Fleming, the matchmaker, took advantage of his position to handle the boxers as he would a lot of dogs. He held them, figuratively speaking, by the throat, throttling them with the fear of being deprived of a legitimate means of subsistence. He used the threat of being "black-listed" above their heads like a veritable sword of Damocles, and fear made them bend and cringe to him like a lot of whipped curs. When he growled they slunk away, and when he smiled they licked his hand in pitiful acknowledgment.

This was the condition of things as they existed in England less than two months ago. Only one club in England and that controlled by an unprincipled individual who lashed and whipped into submission the poor dumb brutes whom he was pleased to use whenever his purpose required them.

Without any opposition to fear, Fleming was in a position to dictate his own terms to the boxers whom he desired to appear before his titled constituency. He threw them a purse as he would a bone to a hungry dog, and they like hungry dogs jumped for the bone thus conferred upon them. A purse, no matter how small, meant bread, relief from hunger, and verily existence to many.

No wonder then that the boxing fraternity hailed with joy the establishment of a rival club, backed by such a generous patron as Richard K. Fox, who besides had the facilities at his command to expose the rottenness of boxing affairs in England to the whole wide world.

It is conceded that opposition gives a healthy tone to business, and why should not the same rule apply to sports? England has already discovered that it has, for on all sides the Olympic Club of Birmingham is congratulated upon the progress it has made, and the POLICE GAZETTE receives its praise from the poor unfortunates for affording them a medium for exploiting their prowess without fear of Fleming's deadly "black list."

The past week has been an auspicious one in the arrangement of international matches. Something more than the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary dispute has interested our men of affairs. For instance, last Wednesday Sammy Kelly, who is conceded to be the best 115-pound lad in America, sailed on the St. Paul for England, where he is matched to fight Billy Plimmer.

All the negotiations for this match were consummated through the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Kelly's departure was accelerated by the receipt of the following cable:

LONDON, Nov. 9.

Fox, New York—Pay \$250 to Kelly for expenses and have him sail at once.

Two days later Kelly was bounding over the billows pleased beyond expression over his good fortune in having his hopes of winning international fame in a fair way to being gratified.

Hardly had this important affair been arranged than negotiations were begun for another important match. George Green, better known as "Young Corbett," became the bone of contention between the National Sporting Club and the Olympic Club. The latter had offered a purse of \$2,500 for him to fight Burge. An additional allowance of \$250 for expenses was made him, but Green demanded \$500 for expenses.

Fleming's representative made the same offer with no better result. The Olympic Club responded bravely to the call for a concession and it came as follows:

LONDON, Nov. 10.

Fox, New York—Olympic Club will give £700 (\$550) for Green-Burge. Allow £100 (\$50) for expenses. Answer.

The wires between the POLICE GAZETTE office and San Francisco were kept hot with messages for twenty-four hours, but finally the acceptance came from Green as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12.

POLICE GAZETTE, New York—Will accept. Send date and expenses.

This was cabled to London, but it transpired that Burge was not showing any indication of wanting the match, even at these terms, owing to fear of the Fleming "push," and some delay was necessary to bring him around. This will be accomplished, however, in a day or two as indicated by the following:

LONDON, Nov. 12.

Fox, New York—Burge not yet accepted. Has appointment at POLICE GAZETTE office and will get his signature to articles in day or two.

Plimmer began to get anxious about his fight with Kelly, or rather about the side bet, for two days after the latter's departure came the following cable:

LONDON, Nov. 13.

Fox, New York—Kelly's first deposit due Birmingham to-morrow. Plimmer's posted. Authorize us to put up for Kelly.

Kelly's backer was communicated with and within an hour he walked into the New York office of the POLICE GAZETTE, laid \$243, the equivalent of £50, on the sporting editor's desk, took his receipt and went away.

This fact was cabled abroad and when Kelly reaches London he will learn that while he was tossing about in a big ship on the

ocean he was being brought around. This will be accomplished, however, in a day or two as indicated by the following:

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Dan Creedon has challenged Dick O'Brien after the latter defeated Scully Bill Quinn. The latter seems to be a little shy about getting his gloves mixed up with the Australian.

Danny McBride may be prevented from entering the ring for some time to come. His right foot, which was injured during his contest with Spike Sullivan, has become quite painful.

As a result of Joe Goddard's win over Denver Ed Smith, at Johannesburg, Mick Dooley has challenged him to fight for the championship of the world. Dooley's nerve is something to be admired.

Tom Tracey's brother Pat, also a boxer, met the same fate that befell Tom. He was defeated recently in three rounds by Tom Raff in Australia. The Australian combination isn't doing so well these days.

If McAuliffe defeats Jimmie Carroll it may be that he will be tempted to take on Kid Lavigne. If he does not the only game in sight for Lavigne is McPartland, and McPartland rises to the fly very slowly.

It is said that the Horton law in New York will not cover a match between Fitzsimmons and Corbett, and there is no chance of pulling it off. Warren Lewis is blind to existing facts if he believes to the contrary.

Sammy Kelly sailed for England last Wednesday on the St. Paul. Before leaving he posted the first deposit of \$1,000 for the match with Billy Plimmer, which takes place at the Olympic Club, Birmingham, England.

Kid McPartland, after his match with Harry Peterson, said that he would like to make a match with Kid Lavigne. Sam Fitzpatrick says that Lavigne will fight McPartland later on, but declares that Lavigne wanted a rest just now.

Bob Armstrong, the colored heavyweight, and Frank Slavin, of Australia, are matched to box twenty rounds at the next boxing show to be given by the Union Park A. C., New York, on Nov. 23. The big ones will box at catchweights.

The fight between Paddy Partell, of Kansas City, and James Fenn, of Weir City, Kan., took place on Monday night, Nov. 9, near Galena, Kan. After three rounds of furious fighting Partell knocked Fenn out. It was the first defeat of Fenn.

Frank O'Neil, of Chicago, whose debut as a boxer in New York was a success, wants to fight the winner of the Holmes-Peterson battle. O'Neil says that if he fails to meet either Holmes or Peterson he will box Stanton Abbott at 135 or 138 pounds.

George Green (Young Corbett) and Danny Needham are matched for a 10-round contest by the National Club, to take place Dec. 18. The date of the 10-round bout between Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carroll has been fixed for Nov. 20. Spider Kelly and



Malachi Hogan, a Noted Sporting Man of Chicago.

bosom of the broad Atlantic, important business concerning him was being transacted over the cable wires which lay along the ocean's bed.

Yet another affair is on the tapis. Dick O'Brien's victory over "Scully Bill" Quinn was cabled to England an hour after Referee Sam Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, rendered the decision. The result seems to have made a favorable impression upon the foreign matchmakers, for the next cable contained an offer as follows:

LONDON, Nov. 12.

Fox, New York—Olympic Club will give £400 (\$2,000) for O'Brien and Dan Creedon.

Creedon had already accepted a previous offer, but the local matchmakers had offered O'Brien inducements to remain here and fight, so he declined to give a definite reply.

The victory of Billy Smith, too, seems to have tickled the fancy of the English pugilistic circles, and they want to see him "go" again. Willie Smith was a painful disappointment to them and they argue if Billy is so good what a grand fight he and Tommy White or George Dixon would make. Action on a very large scale figure in this affair, for the next day after the now memorable Smith fight in London the cable flashed the following intelligence:

LONDON, Nov. 10.

Fox, New York—Olympic Club will give purse £400 (\$2,000) for White-Billy Smith or £500 (\$2,500) for Dixon and Smith. Tom O'Rourke, who represents Dixon, said that a fight between the latter and Billy Smith would be worth four times that amount in this country, and declined to consider it. Tommy White promptly accepted, and the reply abroad was as follows:

"White accepts, weigh 122 pounds 3 o'clock; date late in January. Wants \$250 expenses."

And so the game goes on. Matches for England, matches for America, matches for Africa and the Antipodes—all made through the POLICE GAZETTE.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

Joe Goddard, by winning from Denver Ed Smith, has shown that the Colorado man was never anything but a pretender.

Bobby Dobbs is still in the ring, and has issued a challenge to fight Kid McPartland twenty rounds at 135 pounds, winner to take all.

Spike Sullivan wanted too much money to box Mike McManus at the Meyers A. C. of Albany, so George Siddons was substituted for him.

READ THE WORLD FAMOUS POLICE GAZETTE. The only reliable sporting authority. Recognized the world over. Every barbers shop, saloon, and hotel should keep it on file. \$1.00 pays for 13 weeks.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones
Who Want To Know.

QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as
a Ready Reference for All.

DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

R. L. Morristown, N. J.—Did Kid Lavigne ever fight in Montreal, Can., and if so let me know when and with whom? ...There is no record of it.

G. R. Alvord, Ia.—How many rounds did Sullivan and Corbett fight when Corbett won the championship of the world? ...Twenty one rounds. They fought for the championship of America.

N. E. B. Ellsworth, Me.—Will you kindly inform me whether Mr. McKinley is, as yet, legally elected President or not? ...The Republican electors have been elected, which is virtually the same thing.

FRANCY DELACY.—If this meets the eye of the person named or anybody who knows his whereabouts, will he kindly address Private John Bell, No. 6149 Q Co., Room 25. Eastney Barracks, Southsea, Portsmouth, England.

E. J. D. Salem, N. J.—I wish you would inform me who I could write to in Philadelphia to send an application for admittance on the schoolship Saratoga? ...Write to the Navy department at Washington for this information.

A SON OF IRELAND, New York.—Where is the Maher-Choynecki fight to be held? What is the price of admission? What hour will it begin at? Is it Nov. 16? How many rounds? ...Read this week's POLICE GAZETTE for a full account.

M. J. R. Uilea, Mont.—The numbers should be thrown in rotation. If Donnell threw 43 and it was the highest throw and the tally keeper credited it to O'Donnell with the understanding that it was the latter's, Morris has nothing to dispute.

E. G. Muskegon, Mich.—Did John L. Sullivan ever whip Charley Mitchell, if so where and at what time and how many times did they fight? ...They boxed in New York the bout being stopped by the police in the third round; no decision. They fought a 30-round draw in France.

D. M. M., New York.—A bet that McKinley will be elected by the largest majority in the electoral college of any president that has been elected; B bets he will not; who wins? ...So far as is known by the latest returns McKinley's electoral vote will be 377; Grant's vote in 1872 was 266, so B wins.

E. H. H., New York city.—Is there any person to your knowledge in the amateur ranks of pugilism who fights at 95 pounds or even as light as 90 pounds; if so kindly let me know of a few and how I could find out their whereabouts? ...Apply to the New West Side or Pastime Athletic Clubs, New York.

M. E. S., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.—In your advertisements about two months ago I saw the name of Eugene Sullivan advertising for his mother, Mary E. Sullivan. I have just been informed on this subject and write to you to know if you can tell me where my son is now? ...Will Eugene Sullivan kindly answer above.

A. R. E., —A bet that he names seven States that McKinley will carry and names among others Delaware. It is admitted that one elector for Bryan has been elected in Delaware. The other six States get all their electors for McKinley. Who wins? ...A majority constitutes the meaning of "carried." A wins.

H. W. H., Baltimore, Md.—A bet that the State of Maryland will not give 80,000 majority votes for McKinley. The plurality of McKinley is 32,000 over Bryan. Levering's vote is 4,000 and Palmer's vote 2,000. What is the majority vote of McKinley according to the above, and who wins? ...26,000 over all candidates. A wins.

BARBER, Wilmington, Del.—There was a party of seven playing poker; five cards were dealt around, one at a time; first man from dealer opens the pot; three others stay; before cards were drawn one discovered that he had six cards. Does that foul his hand, or is it a misdeal? ...If he looks at his hand before he announces six cards the hand is dead.

W. W. D., Louisville, Ky.—A bet that he can name thirteen States all to go for McKinley. One of the thirteen was Delaware, which gave Bryan one electoral vote. Who wins? In event Kentucky gives Bryan one or more electoral votes, do the bets go to McKinley men or are they a draw? ...1. See answer to A. R. E. 2. To McKinley bettors.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore, Md.—Last week I sent you a postal for information of Bonnie Thornton (America's Little Mascot), about her age, married or not, anything that you know about her. She is with James Thornton's Vaudeville company. If you have no information about her, I wish you would state so in your next issue. ...She is married to James Thornton.

E. R., Chicago, Ill.—I am in search of a book containing information in reference to the diseases of cattle. If you do not handle such a book, perhaps you can refer me to some publisher of the same. I want a book explaining the diseases of dead as well as live cattle, and a full explanation of how to detect them. ...Send your name and address, and we will write you regarding book.

F. W. McJ., Fort Worth, Tex.—Is there any magnet by which one can locate hidden treasures—that is, gold or silver? If there is, you will kindly advise me. Is there any such instrument made? If so, who are the parties that manufacture them? ...There is what is called a divining rod. Do not know where they can be obtained. The usefulness of the instrument is only theoretical. Professional prospectors say it has no value.

V. A. K., Columbus, O.—A bet that Lentz will be elected. B bets he will not be elected. Now suppose Lentz gets the certificate of election, Watson contests his seat in Congress and that body should or would unseat Mr. Lentz and seat Mr. Watson, who would win the money? A bets Watson beats Lentz. Lentz gets certificate of election. Watson contests and is seated. Who wins the money? A bets that Watson will be the next congressman. B bets he will not. Lentz gets the certificate and is unseated by the lower house of Congress. Who wins the money? A bets that McKinley will carry Kentucky, Indiana, West Virginia and Tennessee. B bets he will not carry them. Now if McKinley loses one or more electoral votes in any one State will A or B win the money? A bets that McKinley will carry more States than Bryan. Now if one or more States have mixed set of electors how would you count said State or States? ...1. The man who is seated. This answers all three questions. 4. A majority of electoral votes constitutes the meaning of "carrying." A wins. 5. As carried by the majority of electoral votes.

MALACHI HOGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT]

Everybody in the West knows Malachi Hogan, of Chicago. He is an all-around sporting man, and no gathering in the Windy City is complete without his genial presence. He has refereed many of the most important pugilistic events held in the West, and his decisions have always been based upon the judgment of fairness and equality.

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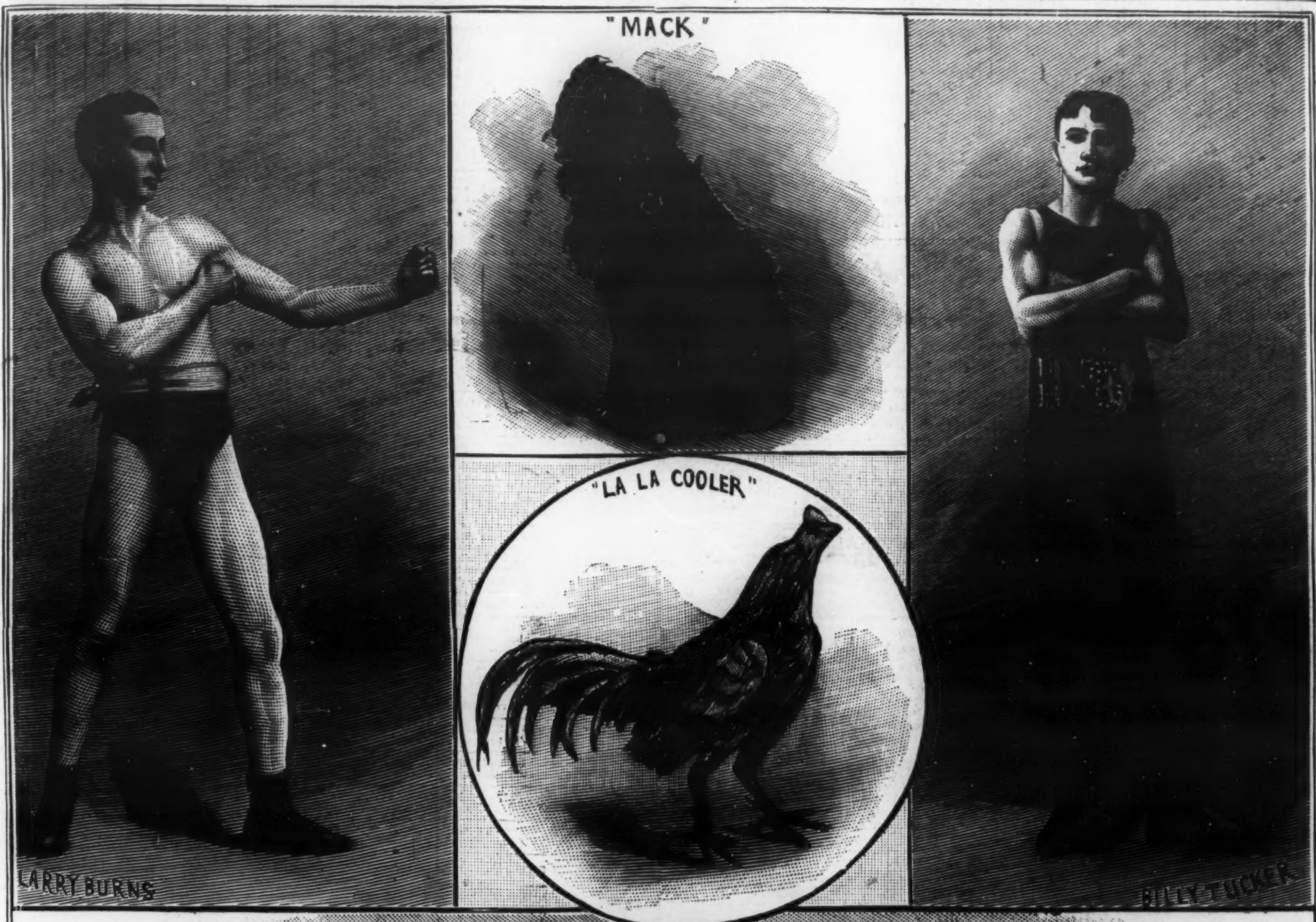
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Fred. Schneider, Newark, N. J.....	12
Max Ewald, 813 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	6
Charles Vanzant, Mount Holly, N. J.....	5
John Cahill, Esq., 28 Park Place, N. Y. City.....	3
T. C. White, 138 W. Market St., N. Scranton, Pa.....	3
H. Wellaty, 1645 Third Ave., N. Y. City.....	2
Geo. Franker, 331 Bowery, N. Y. City.....	2
J. Collins, Rathburn House, Elmira, N. Y.....	2
Chas. B. Shirk, Palace Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.....	1
Adolph Heinroß, Security Building, Chicago, Ill.....	1
W. A. Kelly, Esq., Shreveport, La.....	1

TESTIMONY OF AN OLD ADVERTISER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29, 1896.
Advertising Dept. POLICE GAZETTE, New York, N. Y.—Dear Sirs: Replying to your letter of recent date, in which you quote us a reduced rate for advertising space in the POLICE GAZETTE, will say that it was unnecessary so far as we personally are concerned to make a reduction in order to secure our patronage, as we have advertised in your paper with profit for over fifteen years. We, however, appreciate the reduction and will return the favor by giving you a larger ad., and have ordered our agent to place some extra advertisements with you, one of which occupies twenty-two lines, and will be increased if returns warrant it. There was a time when we paid you \$75 per week, but financial depression will not allow us to do so now.

Trusting the reduction in rates will give you the increase of patronage which your paper so well deserves, we are yours truly,

NATIONAL INSTITUTE,
L. H. Anderson, Prop.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address
JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 80, Delray, Mich.

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DON'T PAY A CENT UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Our latest imported stone puzzles diamond experts. You cannot detect from the genuine. To introduce this new stone we will send for 30 days this ring or stud by express C. O. D. for \$1.65. You examine, if not equal in appearance to a 640 ring don't take it. If satisfactory pay the agent \$1.65. Order quick. Send measure. Cash With Order Saves All Charges. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., 105 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Illinois.

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The Mormon Elders' Book on Sexual Strength, mailed free to married men, address **F. B. Crouch, 202 Grand St., New York**

IN THE BOWLERS' CORNER

Notes of the Clubs and What They are Doing.

TOURNAMENTS EVERYWHERE

Lively Times Promised Among the Bowlers This Season.

NEW BOWLING CLUBS GALORE.

The Echo Club administered a double defeat to the Fearless Club the last time they met in the Caruthers National tournament by rolling scores of 896 and 919, the odd game being won by the latter team with a total of 832.

George Meyers has been proclaimed champion of the Central alleys, Jersey City, and is ready to defend that title at any time. He recently rolled a series of six games with an average of 193 with scores as follows: 225, 161, 201, 200, 194 and 191.

On the Edgerton Club alleys, Kansas City, Mo., Messrs. Dwyer, Brown, Harrigan and Addison carried off the honors for the past week. On the Brunswick alleys Messrs. Hyman, Franklin and Dickson secured the three highest scores for the Missouri Club.

The Queen City tournament games between the Eagles and Spartans, rolled on Wells' alleys, Buffalo, N. Y., last week, were fairly well played, the Spartans winning the two games after a hard struggle, Danier making an average of 166, the best of the evening.

The vim and dash with which the games are rolled in the Uncle Sam tournament at Frankel's alleys on the Bowery these days surprise the boys. Every delegate is doing his duty and all the teams have been notified that the first game will be called exactly at 8 o'clock.

The following was the standing of the five leading clubs in the Buffalo, N. Y., Bowling Association tournament for the week ending Nov. 7: Active, won 14, lost 1; South Sides, won 11, lost 4; Wizards, won 11, lost 4; North Ends, won 10, lost 5; Imps, won 10, lost 5.

The Hamilton County League board of directors met at Turner Hall, North Cincinnati, Ohio, Monday, Nov. 8, to consider the proposed visit of the Brooklyn, N. Y., club. After debating the question it was decided to select a team to represent the League in a game the first day of the Eastern team's visit to the city.

The season was opened last week at the People's Palace alleys, Jersey City, with a match game between the Irving Club and the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack. The local team won easily, although their scores were not above the average. Mr. Russell rolled 178, this being the highest individual total.

There was an enthusiastic crowd of rooters at Trainor's alleys, Gates and Reid avenues, Brooklyn, Monday, Nov. 9th, to

R. H. BARTSCH.

An Expert Bowler Who is Rolling Up Big Scores.



Mr. R. H. Bartsch has been an enthusiastic bowler for a number of years, a valuable member of the Krakelha and one of the first to join the Manhattan Bowlers' Bowling team, being elected its secretary for the season of 1891 and 1892. He rolls a good, even game, and has the happy faculty of making friends and keeping their friendship.

witness the opening of the Long Island Association of Bowling Clubs tournament. The Kings County Wheelmen captured two of the games, the remaining one going to the credit of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club.

The crack Linden team had no trouble in defeating the Ohio Wheelmen representatives in the tournament at Greenville, N. J., just started, although Chesterfield failed to roll up to his usual standard in the first game. It was the opening night, and the alleys were tastefully decorated. A large number of spectators were present.

Mr. Laychanaud furnished a treat to the talent of Haas' alleys, in the town of Union, N. J., on the occasion of his last appearance in the popular individual tournament now being rolled. In the first series he defeated William Ayers with scores of 195, 201 and 209; average, 201, and defeated N. Diekmann with an average of 179.

E. Silver, of the Linden Grove team, rolled a match with John Ruppel at Behrman's alleys, Flushing avenue, near Hall street, Brooklyn, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 10, best six out of eleven. He won the first, second, third, fifth, sixth and eighth games, three of the scores being over the 200 mark. A number of friends of both were on hand to whoop her up.

The Jersey City "Journal" League tournament committee started its competition on Wood's Hall alleys Nov. 9th before a large number of spectators. The Doublet champion five faced the Doublet team; the first named team never placed the issue in doubt, winning the first game by 58 pins, with a score of 862, and the second with the high total of 931, by 193 margin.

The most exciting game in the history of the Kansas City, Mo., League was played on the Brunswick alleys Nov. 16. The Kansas City representatives met their old rivals, the Owls. The

two teams are very evenly matched and the game drew a large attendance of bowling enthusiasts. The last named team, by the bunching of strikes in the last innings, won by sixty pins, the score standing 2,684 to 2,624.

The Fidelia Club is not making its usual showing in the American National tournament this year. The boys do not enthrall as they should and consequently game after game is lost. Sometimes a club seems justified in complaining of misfortune in any one game by putting forth the excuse of being out of condition, having unfortunate splits, etc. However, there are not enough new excuses to cover every game.

The Cincinnati team distinguished themselves the last time they met the Queen City boys in the Cincinnati, O., League tournament. They put up record breaking games and a total the local enthusiasts may not be surpassed this year in this competition. The latter team was never in the hunt, and the scores rolled in the two games, 1,641 and 1,778 by the minors, do credit to the first tournament in this city.

The annual handicap team tournament of the Knickerbocker Club, of Flatbush, L. I., was started last week on the club's alleys, East Eighteenth street and Tennis Court. Fourteen teams have been entered, and have been named after different colleges and using the colors of those they represent. Prizes will be awarded to the teams finishing in the three highest positions, highest team average and highest individual average.

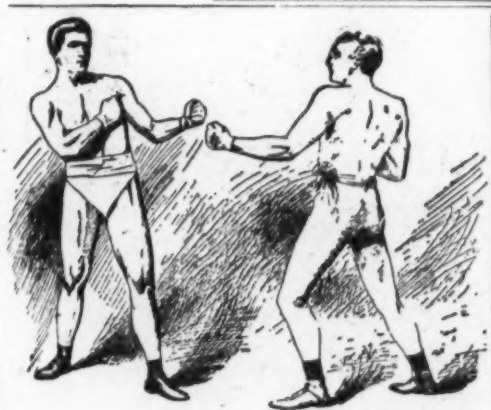
Probably the busiest alleys in New York are owned by Thum & Karldorf, and situated on the corner of Joe Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue, and the season has proved what good judgment was used in adding two new ones this summer. Aside from its naturally large patronage the United Bowling Clubs tournament, with its numerous sections, is drawing a large following, and Mr. Karldorf, who manages this end of the telephone circuit, is obliged to wear that smile of recognition from 8 to 12 nightly. By the way, have you seen that smile?

The meeting held at the Elephant Club alleys, Brooklyn, in respect to the memory of the late William J. Fell, was one to be highly commended. Of all the men (and there are quite a few) who have given their time and experience cheerfully to raise the standard of bowling to as near perfection as possible, this gentleman stood in the front rank. For more than twenty years he spent all the time he could spare on the alleys, devising means by which the game could be improved. He was credited with giving to the bowling world the old National bowling rules, and was the first to conceive the idea of a union of bowling clubs, and it was at his invitation a committee met to form the American Amateur Bowling Union. It was no wonder that his old comrades and friends should meet to show their respect to his memory.

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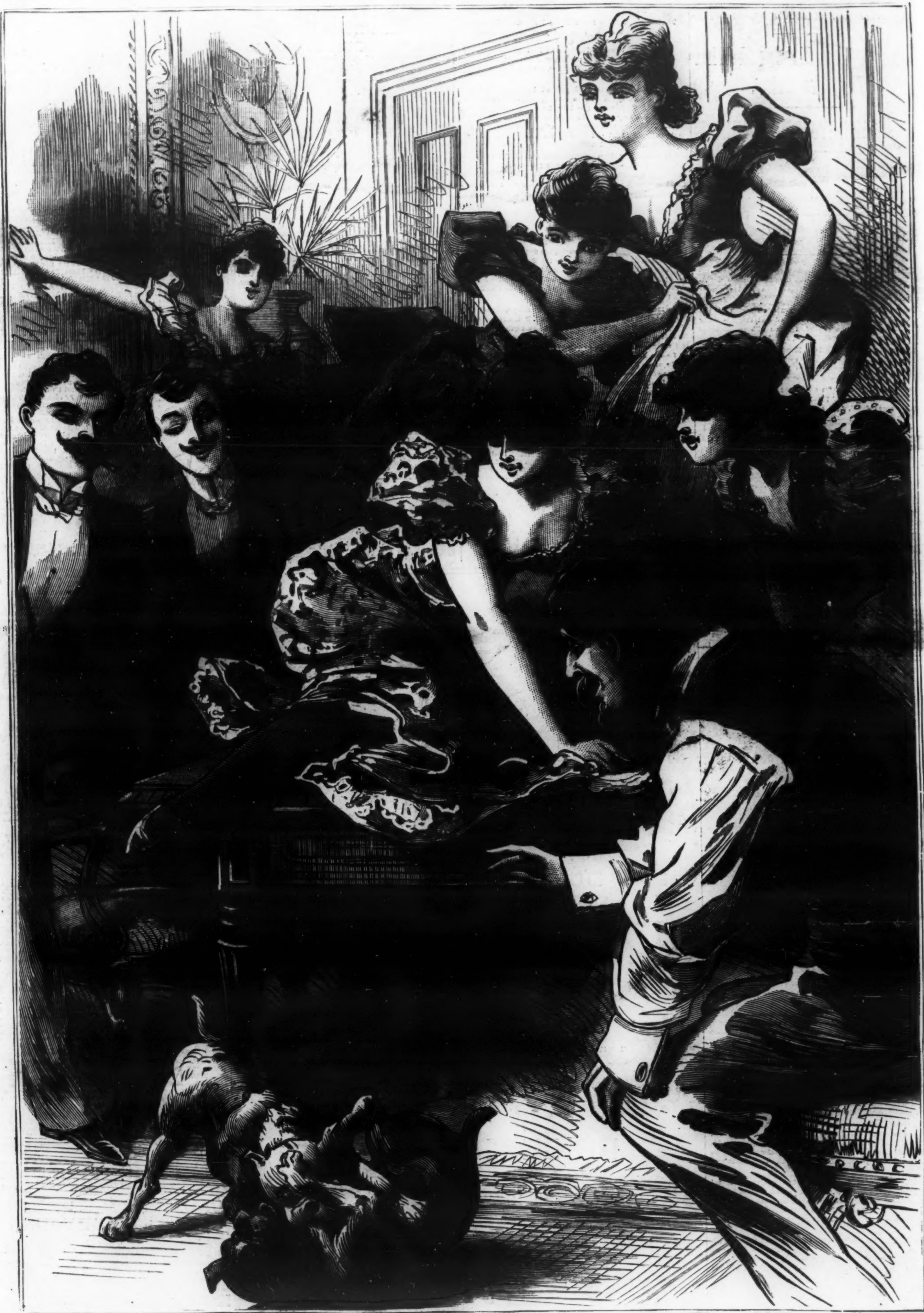
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